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Laurence Lerner J. I. M. Stewart Geoffrey Strickland
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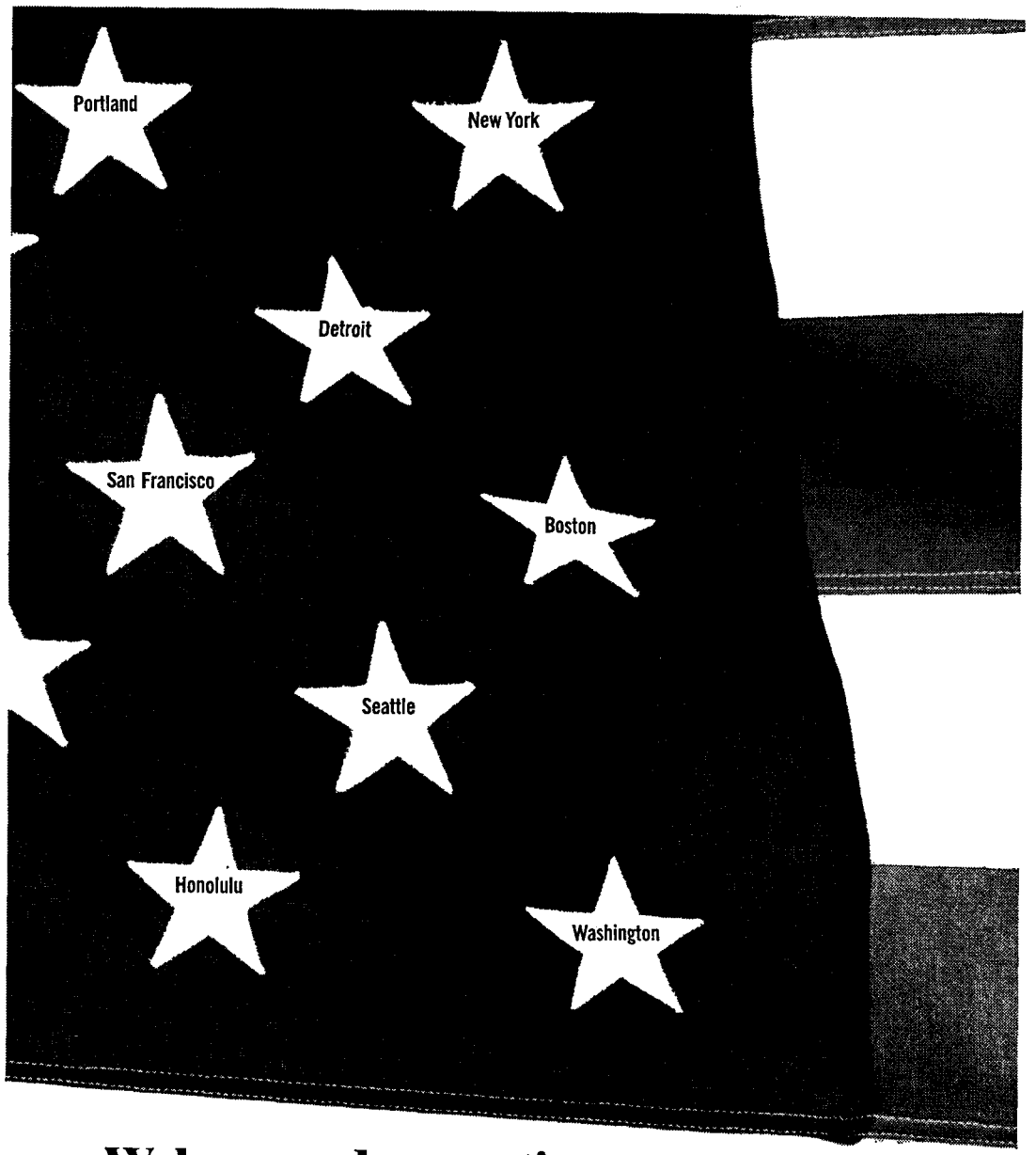

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Coralie Lucas

Pictures of a Happy Family

I AM DRAWING the room. I don't draw the outside of houses. From the outside the houses are all the same. Red brick semi-detached. With a bay window on one side of the front door, the black door with a little glass casement at the top, and on the other side of the door a single window. There is a tiny bit of garden with rhododendron bushes or roses, or sometimes only snapdragons and wallflowers, and there is a wooden gate. But always the same house from the outside. You can't tell anything about the families inside if you just see the house on the street.

This is why I draw the room carefully and with my crayons I colour objects in their right colours. Then you can see how this is our room. Our family.

The wall paper is a dirtyish white, which I can get just right by mixing yellow crayon and pencil and smudging them together. That comes out the correct tone of dirty white background, which is covered with pinky mauve flowers—perhaps apple blossoms. Anyway some kind of pinky flowers. Near the kitchen door it is a lot more dirty, because my brothers are always resting their sticky hands on the wall when they stop to talk to her inside the kitchen. It also bulges in places, and is split. You can see, as she often says, that the room needs redecorating.

She says that frequently, not in a voice that means she expects anything to be done about it, just in a kind of bewildered, hopeless way. The way she talks about a lot of things. As if she can't understand how such things could happen to her. How she could be in a room which has been needing redecorating for a long, long time.

Perhaps there are a lot of people who are bewildered by the way things happen to them. Not me. I just sit and watch. I look. I do not draw conclusions. I draw things as they are.

So in this room with dirty apple-blossom wallpaper, there is a sofa with a shiny covering. It is difficult to get the shade, but she says the furniture shop called it pink champagne. She says she fell in love with the name of the colour.

The names of colours—the names that try to get the shade—don't count for me. I get the colour by mixing pink crayon with pale yellow and light brown crayons.

You could call it pink champagne or you could call it, like my brothers do, dog's vomit, and you'd have the same colour.

The material has ripped in the left corner near the back and a spring has come through. This catches on my dress.

There is an armchair with a covering in matching material, only dark blue, and that has a big coca-cola stain, and there is another armchair which is green leather and it doesn't match anything. It looks as if it was in the room by accident and it is too big. But he wanted it. He bought it one Christmas for himself. It is his chair. When he gets home he opens out the newspaper and sits in this chair in front of the sputtering gas fire.

Drawing and colouring this room makes me tired. My eyes hurt.

The sputtering gas fire changes the colours of things. It makes things look warmer, softer.

His hands holding the newspaper are thick, and chapped and reddish. There are little gold hairs on his fingers. The light from the gas fire makes them glint against the red skin. When she gives him a cup of tea their hands touch. . . . Her fingers are long and thin and very white, except around the nails

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where the skin is inflamed and torn.

My eyeballs hurt.

INSIDE MY HEAD my brain presses against my skull. I feel movement and pushing inside my brain, as if plants were pushing through the earth. My brain is sprouting little plants.

Once I looked at some primroses just after it rained. They had short straight little stalks hidden among the furry leaves, and raindrops from the petals slipped and fell between the stalks and leaves.

My brain is full of straight, quiet stalks.

SHE TOOK ME to the optician today. The optician had narrow rounded shoulders and every few minutes he coughed, a small wet cough.

He said I needed glasses.

That upset her. She thinks glasses, crooked teeth, spots, are small disasters for women. Women are always struggling against small disasters, dandruff, decaying teeth, cysts, irregular periods. She can't bear to think of all the physical failings and flaws battering against the beauty of women.

"But will she have to wear glasses all the time?" she asked anxiously.

"Severe eye strain. A complete rest."

As we hurried along the street, both trying to shelter from the driving rain under the same umbrella, she complained. "It's your own fault. You *would* draw in a bad light."

The optician does not know the real causes.

She does not understand. She means well.

I must get the room right.

Our room.

Our family.

THE father: a big, squarish head. The head is a bit top-heavy, the arms too long. Simian. Yes, when he crouches over the newspaper in his armchair in front of the sputtering gas jets he is ape-like. He has a moustache. Sometimes the tea wets it. A bead of tea hangs on the corner of his moustache.

Once he was golden and sang "Mother's little baby likes shortnin'. . . ." He lifted me up out of the bath-tub and wrapped me in a big blue towel.

I drew him in a garden full of flowers. So many flowers it looked like a jungle. A golden man in a flowering jungle.

She wasn't anywhere around.

The flowers hid her from sight.

The sons: they are very small beside him. One is small and fat. He looks like a bumble bee with a fat round middle. The other has stick legs. He is falling over.

The daughter: I draw her tall. She is as tall as the father. She has lots of curling hair and wears high heels.

"No. No!" they say. "That isn't the daughter. That is the wife."

I cut up that picture into tiny triangles. I throw the triangles down the lavatory and they are swirled away.

"You are too big to draw baby pictures", they say. "You are too clever to waste your time. Why don't you draw grown-up pictures?"

"Go on", he says, "You know you can do it. Trouble is you've always been too shy."

Their finger-tips touch as he takes the tea-cup. His stubby, reddish, chapped fingers, her delicate white fingers.

The father. The mother.

I am not in the picture.

I DROPPED my glasses on the pavement just as I opened the wooden gate. One lens was cracked. I threw them into the drawer of my dressing-table. In any case they made me feel dizzy as if I was stepping out of a dark corridor into sunlight. Or as if I was a mole with pink, blind eyes emerging from its tunnel.

They made me see colours too brightly. Like technicolour. The wallpaper wasn't a dirtyish white. The sofa wasn't a dirty beige. The bobbing gas jets were bright orange.

Her lipstick was too blue for her pale skin. She looked gaudy, brutal. I could see down into the darker roots of her blonde hair.

Like stalks, like stalks among the furred leaves, the pale primroses.

THIS IS WHEN The Other One is here. He does not fit into the picture at all. Either I have to cut off his head. Or I must cut off his feet. If I cut off his feet he will have a silly big head and I will crayon in black, black hair and a big red mouth.

"Is that Paul Newman?"

"Is it Dirk Bogarde? It looks like Marcello Mastroianni."

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If I cut off his head he has white and brown shoes.

He swallows up the room in his big red mouth. The room is disappearing.

Only I am still there, sitting beside the television. They think now my glasses are broken that I have pink, blind eyes like a mole.

"Are we alone?"

"It doesn't matter, she won't notice." She tosses her blonde hair carelessly like a young girl. "She's blind as a bat."

No. That is not true. She did not say the last phrase. I heard it inside my skull where the flowers and the stems are pressing. I heard this little tinny voice say it. But I'll erase that.

She simply tossed her blonde hair carelessly like a young girl.

He kisses her finger-tips. His head is filling the room. I won't be able to squeeze in the other objects. The furniture is shabby but well loved.

"Are we alone?"

That is very important. That they should be the only figures in the picture. The lover and the loved. The furniture will swim away. They will be on a Mediterranean balcony above the sea. The sky will be a hard blue. Shadows are so sharp they look as if they are cut out of paper.

Their shadows are cast crooked and monstrous upon the ceiling.

"Oh, what can I do?" she murmurs. "My head is bursting. Every day I hate them all more and more. How can I go on living this life? Look at my fingers, ruined by scraping pots and pans!"

He says, "So long as we have these moments together."

They think my eyes are pink and blind like a mole's. They think I am going deaf. No, she is wishing me dead. She is willing me out of my own picture. There is no way for me to fit inside it.

She takes a half-empty bottle of Portuguese Rosé out of the cocktail cabinet. She pours out three glasses. There is only a quarter of a glass left for me but I am glad because it tastes sour. Dust floats on the surface.

She says "I like to do things in style. My standards have always been higher. We were never suited. I've always liked a bit of *joie de vivre*. He doesn't understand the finer things. . . . He doesn't speak French."

Afterwards when he has gone. She throws the empty bottle away into the dustbin outside. She washes the glasses, but she forgets to wipe away the circular stains left on top of the television, the coffee table.

When he returns with the boys he stares down at them but he does not ask questions. He rubs his stubby fingers hard together as if in pain.

I DRAW another picture. This time I cut off his head and draw his feet in the brown and white shoes. The shoes are too big. They are bigger than the sofa. They press against the window. This is the first time I have drawn the window but you can't see out because the shoes are so big, they hide the outside world. The room is airless.

His shoes hide the outside world.

There is nothing at all beyond the room. There is no air in this space. If we stay here we will die.

ONE DAY I decided to bake a cake. I wanted to make a surprise. I put the mixing bowl on the kitchen table under the flowered paper light-shade. I brought out the cake mix and three packets of eggs. I broke an egg and poured the yellow stream over the knife blade. Yellow is my favourite colour. I broke another egg and watched yolk yellow stream over the knife blade. Another egg, another egg. Another. . . . All the eggs one after the other. Twenty-four, twenty-five. . . .

She stared at me, at all the egg shells, the yolks in the bowl. She grasped me by the shoulders and shook me with hate.

"I wish all of you were dead!" she screamed.

I REACH the house. I am holding my satchel full of books. I stop at the gate because I know I can't go into the house. There is nothing inside this house.

The room has disappeared.

I cannot enter a room that does not exist. It begins to rain. Rain trickles into my pink mole eyes.

I remember wet stalks, pushing up in empty fields near the river.

I shall draw a square and colour it black.

Our room.

Our family.

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Richard Lowenthal

On the Disaffection of Western Intellectuals

Between Cultural Decay & Social Renewal

THE DESCRIPTION OF "intellectuals" is generally claimed by those who are endeavouring to interpret life or the development of society as a whole—be it by scholarly analysis, moral commentary, or artistic expression—and, more particularly, to measure society by the yardstick of its own proclaimed values. This definition implies that the claim of the intellectual is in its nature a critical one, and that its subjects are specially sensitive for the elements of crisis arising from contradictions between the basic values of a given civilisation and its social reality.

As long as such contradictions are seen as a lagging of actual, behind potential, development, the critical intellectual becomes a motor of reforming advance in his special field. Taking his stand on the basic values of his culture, he tries to develop from them new normative and institutional consequences corresponding to changed social conditions, as is indeed inevitable if the values themselves are to be preserved in a dynamic society such as ours. But once the intellectual perceives the contradiction between values and reality as total and his social environment as correspondingly meaningless, he looks for a way out in the fantasy of a total revolution. Out of an intolerable moral conflict, he flees to the utopian goal of an order free from all conflict—a goal the achievement of which is supposed to justify any and every means. And in the pursuit of his newly-found road to secular salvation, the intellectual frequently abandons or "betrays" the very values—of individual rights, truth, and reason—which had formed the original starting point of his critique of existing society.

It is, then, no accident that all modern revolutions—democratic or anti-colonial, communist and also fascist—have been preceded by a widespread disaffection of the intellectuals from the old "system", and that within those revolutions intellectuals have been the typical carriers of their specifically utopian elements and been typically removed from positions of power as the new régime consolidated itself.

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND for recalling those regularities is the fact that in the second half of the 1960s we experienced such a massive disaffection of intellectuals from the industrially advanced democracies of the West and their corresponding turn to strictly utopian ideas of secular salvation, accompanied by fantasies—and to a far lesser extent by actual attempts—of achieving it by violent action.[1] It was, therefore, hardly surprising that Herbert Marcuse, the leading ideologist of the Student Revolt, addressed the young intellectuals (together with the marginal groups of Western societies and with the peoples of the poor and underdeveloped countries) as the new standard-bearers of the revolutionary mission abandoned by the industrial workers of the advanced world. Even as late as 1975, the well-known German sociologist Helmut Schelsky not only described the intellectual "purveyors of meaning" as the believers of a new secular religion, but predicted their triumph as the ruling, priestly caste of a future order.[2]

PROFESSOR RICHARD LOWENTHAL'S *article "Can Communism Offer an Alternative World Order?" appeared in the April issue of* ENCOUNTER.

[1] For my contemporary interpretation of that phenomenon see my "Unreason and Revolution", ENCOUNTER, November 1969.

[2] Helmut Schelsky, *Die Arbeit tun die Anderen. Klassenkampf und Priesterherrschaft der Intellektuellen.* Opladen 1975.

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YET ACTUAL DEVELOPMENTS in recent years have offered no confirmation for these fanciful hopes and fears—and that despite the fact that the early 1970s have brought the collapse of the world currency system; the climax of worldwide inflation; the oil shock; and the most severe international recession since the second World War (and indeed since the world economic crisis of 1929–32). Not only have the Western democracies lived through those years of crisis without serious danger to their political system, those very years have brought decisive steps forward in the turning of the Communist mass parties working in industrially advanced democracies—notably in Italy, France, and Japan—*away* from revolutionary traditions and Leninist doctrines and towards a no longer purely implicit but increasingly explicit integration in democratic political life. In other words, the disaffection of the young Western intelligentsia towards the democratic system was not the expression of an inability of that system to develop further, or the harbinger of a revolutionary crisis. It was, rather, and in a different form still is, the expression of a more long-term cultural crisis which has come about *despite* the continued ability of the social and political system to fulfil its functions. That paradox forms the theme of the following pages.

The Viability of the West

BEFORE an attempt is made to explain the paradox, let us first make quite sure that it exists. Not everybody, particularly not every intellectual, will agree with my view that the Western social and political system has proved its flexibility and functional effectiveness during the recent years of crisis.

Did we not hear complaints from all sides about the "ungovernability" of the Western democracies? Was not American democracy profoundly split by the Vietnamese war, plagued by racial rioting, and finally had popular trust in its institutions shattered by the abuse of power for which "Watergate" has become the shorthand term? Were not successive British governments for years unable to put the brake on inflation in the face of trade-union obstruction? Is not Italy, shaken by strikes and inflation, in a state of almost permanent crisis, in which government without the consent of the Communists has become impossible? Do we not see in France and the German Federal Republic as well a bitter polarisation of politics impairing the capacity of action of their parliaments?

All that is true; and it amounts to an overall picture not only of economic, but of political crisis. But that picture shows only one aspect of the reality of those years, and not, in my view, the decisive one.

On the other side, there is the fact that political extremism of all kinds has almost nowhere increased during the years of economic crisis. In the United States, race rioting quickly lost in significance after its 1968 climax, while the integration of the black minority made enormous progress without great fanfares. In Western Europe, the social security net proved strong enough in most countries to prevent a dangerous decline in the standard of living at the height of unemployment, and thus to avoid the secondary economic shrinkage which that factor used to cause in the economic crises of the past. In the world economy, the post-War tradition of cooperation among the capitalist countries proved stronger than conflicts over currency policy and the temptation to look for national solutions by "beggar-my-neighbour" policies restricting imports and destroying the network of international credit. In one country after another, recognition of the relative impotence of parliaments and governments when faced in times of crisis with the big organised interests of monopolies and trade unions has led the democratic governments to develop successful techniques for consultation and indeed negotiated compromise with those interests, as lately with the "Social Contract" in Britain and increasingly even with the Communist-led unions in Italy—negotiating techniques that have permitted a reduction of inflation and laid the basis for gradually overcoming the recession.

Last not least, US democracy has largely overcome, in the course of the primaries and then the main election campaign, the tendencies towards self-flagellation, the addiction to disclosures, and the paralysis of foreign policy that had been the legacy of Viet Nam and Watergate; and Americans have gained a new self-confidence.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE INDICATORS for the viability of pluralist democracy in the industrially advanced countries is the evolution of the major Communist parties of those countries. Some opponents of the Communists see in this evolution primarily the danger of a "peaceful" Communist seizure of power. Yet in recent years, the

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only European Communists to grow in strength have been the Italian (and, probably, the still not legalised Spanish) Communists; and only for the former is the chance of government participation topical. What is general, by contrast, is the increasingly unmistakable and binding commitment of the important Communist parties—in Italy, Spain, France, and Japan—to the principles of pluralist democracy, with all the fundamental liberties including the freedom for opposition parties and the right to a change of government if they win an election. In other words, their open rejection of the principles of *Leninism*.

The reliability of this conversion at its present stage must be regarded in Italy, on the basis of a 20-year evolution, as very high; in Spain and Japan also as considerable; in France, owing to its comparative suddenness, still as rather doubtful. But the main thing in our context is that it reflects a remarkable integrating force exerted by the pluralist democracies on the working masses of the advanced industrial countries, to which the parties in question have had to adapt themselves in defiance of Soviet resistance and by struggling successfully for growing autonomy. This kind of evolution would be unthinkable in countries where the masses still put their hopes on a revolutionary upheaval.

Finally, even the left-wing intellectuals have gradually ceased, during those very years of crisis, to dream of a pre-revolutionary situation. Inasmuch as they remained interested in politics following the ebb of the pseudo-revolutionary wave of 1968, they have certainly not abandoned their critique of the capitalist economic and social order. Their ideas of an "alternative" continue to contain, in the majority of cases, more or less strong utopian elements. Moreover, those ideas continue to play a major role in public discussion in many fields, ranging from politics, economics, and sociology to pedagogy and theology. Yet the overwhelming majority of those "radicals" has turned away not only from the neo-Bakunist cult of violence typical of those years of excitement, from the models of Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara, but from the basic concept of a revolutionary overthrow of "bourgeois democracy." What began as a "Long March through the institutions" has long become a process of the integration of the one-time revolutionaries by those institutions—in the USA, in France, in West Germany. Those anarcho-terrorists who still make occasional headlines in the industrial countries are not the representatives of a new wave of destructive violence—they are the human flotsam and jetsam left behind by a wave that has long receded.

I conclude, therefore, that our democratic system has not only proved its capacity for adaptation and survival in a serious economic crisis, but its continuing capacity for integration. But that raises anew the question implied in our initial paradox—the question of the nature and roots of a "cultural crisis" in a society that is after all, still functioning.

The Concept of "Cultural Crisis"

LET ME FIRST CLARIFY what I mean by a cultural crisis.

Each historical civilisation or culture—I am using the terms as exchangeable, in the sense of cultural anthropology or of Toynbee's comparative theory of civilisations—rests on a system of basic values that ultimately motivate the social conduct of their members. In historically early stages, those values are implicit in the basic myths or religions of a given culture. In later stages, they are explicitly formulated in systems of philosophical, ethical, and political thought. In all stages they find their expression in the specific art of each culture. The behavioural norms and institutions of a given civilisation are rooted not only in its material conditions of existence—the demands of those always *limit* the range of possible institutions, but as a rule permit more than one institutional solution—but also in the shaping of those material conditions by choices determined by those values.

Our Western civilisation is characterised by a synthesis of values originating in Judaeo-Christian prophetic ethics on one side and in Graeco-Roman antiquity on the other. I mention, without any claim to completeness, the belief in the autonomy of *reason* as a key to the understanding of an ordered universe; the belief in the uniqueness of the *individual* born with inalienable rights; the belief in the binding nature of *voluntarily entered* (not only blood-given) *communities*; the belief in the need to draw a borderline between individual will and communal needs by a *legal statute*; and the valuation of *work*, including physical work in this world, seen as conferring merit and giving meaning to life and not just as a necessary evil.

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This combination of values—which *as a combination* has not been present in other high cultures—has motivated the members of Western civilisation from the Middle Ages to a unique *urge for "self-improvement"*: in the sense of a desire for greater moral perfection or greater knowledge and understanding as well as for higher social status or greater possessions. At the same time, the early pluralism of Western institutions—the dualism of spiritual and secular authority; the autonomy of the towns, the estates, and the universities in the Middle Ages—offered a unique scope to that urge. Motivation and scope together explain the unique dynamics of every new change in Western civilisation: a dynamics that preceded the rise of modern capitalism as of modern science and technique and made them possible, only to be immensely accelerated by their effects. It is those dynamics that have ultimately created the basic conditions of the modern world first in the West, and later also on non-Western soil.

BUT SUCH A DYNAMIC CIVILISATION, by changing again and again its own conditions of existence, creates ever new moral, cultural and institutional problems for itself. The norms of conduct and the institutions derived from the basic values must be adjusted to the changing conditions of existence. To permit this without a break in the continuity of values, the values themselves must be reinterpreted again and again if they are not to lose their credibility and binding force.

Thus, the search for a rationally conceivable universal order at one stage was no longer satisfied with the idea of a static, god-given order, but turned to the scientific interpretation of natural laws and later to the attempt at a rational interpretation of historic change itself. The inalienable rights of the individual, once conceived as the rights of each according to his station, were after the Enlightenment and the French Revolution viewed as equal political and civic rights for all, and in the modern democracy of universal suffrage increasingly as comprising the right to equal social security and equal economic and social opportunity. The voluntary yet binding community has broadened from its roots in the Christian congregation and the sworn community of the medieval city to the tie binding the citizen to the national state; and the beginnings of a supranational, indeed universal moral responsibility are recognisable today. But to each such new interpretation of the values correspond changed norms of conduct and changed institutions adapted to the changed conditions of existence.

NOW THE DECISIVE FACT in our context is that those adjustments do not take place automatically and that their outcome is never assured in advance. They succeed or fail as a result of human struggles—political, social, and often also religious struggles. If the effort at adjustment fails for a prolonged period, the norms become inapplicable, the institutions lose their authority, and the values themselves finally come to appear as mere hypocrisy.

That is the situation that may be described as anomy from the viewpoint of the individual, and as cultural crisis from the viewpoint of the civilisation as a whole. Thus, during the Renaissance, the increasing inapplicability of the norms of medieval Catholicism in the most advanced regions of Europe led to a severe cultural crisis, characterised *inter alia* by the massive eruption of superstition, the uncertainty of all moral norms, and the loss of legitimacy of the political institutions—until Reformation and Counter-Reformation furnished a new interpretation of the moral norms, and the consolidation of the modern state offered a new political framework.

IT SEEMS CLEAR TO ME that a comparable cultural crisis of the modern West, following earlier intellectual beginnings, first made a powerful historic impact in the destructive outbreak of National Socialism. Here was truly a "Revolt against the West", not only in a geographic sense, but against such classic Western values as reason, the inalienable rights of the individual, the superiority of voluntary ties over ties of blood, and that of law over arbitrary power. The revolt became possible because the idea of an international order had lost most of its credibility in the Germany of the inter-War period, and because the world economic crisis by disrupting the international currency- and credit-network finally destroyed that credibility in severely-hit Germany while at the same time shattering the faith in an economic order based on individual autonomy and initiative.

But the outbreak of that cultural crisis had been closely linked with a profound crisis of society. After the at first purely military defeat of Hitler's régime in World War II, the constructive

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post-War achievement of the West—the successful creation of an economic system that was democratically orientated towards high employment and steady growth, and of a cooperative international order based on relations of equality among the industrially advanced democracies—overcame that acute crisis of society and also pushed back the cultural crisis for a generation.

For those who have an historic sense for this type of phenomenon, the shock was all the greater when, since the middle 1960s, large numbers of intellectuals of the second post-War generation once again turned away from basic Western values. True, the political activation of intellectual youth started originally from a clearly constructive and reformist criticism of social and political reality on the basis of Western values. Witness the non-violent civil rights movement of American students in the early '60s, the simultaneous protest movement among French students against the Algerian war, and also the beginnings of American and West European protests against American intervention in Viet Nam.

But at the height of the youth revolt, constructive criticism was transformed into a total condemnation of the Western societies and of at least some of their central values. A conviction quickly spread that the Western social system, now viewed as the absolute rule of Capital for which democratic institutions appeared as a mere disguise, was incurable and intolerable. This now justified the turn to an utopian vision of total revolution, the rejection of rational discussion in favour of an irrational cult of violence, and the simultaneous idealisation of the individual's total, anarchic self-determination and his total submission under the collective, coupled with the rejection of any legal limitation for either. At the same time, all productive effort within the existing society was dubbed "meaningless." The anti-Western activism of the supporters of violent revolution found its complement in the passive withdrawal of hippies and drop-outs from the institutions and productive centres of society—just as anarchic ultra-individualism found its complement in the flight from individuality and conscious self-control into the subculture of drug-taking. The explosive destruction of form in art—and with that of its cathartic social function, in favour of an anarchic "acting out" of all drives including the most destructive ones—completed the picture.

As I HAVE ALREADY MENTIONED, that explosive and violent phase of the intellectual revolt has in the meantime been largely overcome. Many of its former activists have returned to the road of constructive reform of the norms of conduct and the institutions of our society. Yet it would be facile to derive from that a belief that the underlying cultural crisis is already waning.

For that crisis, though consciously articulated by the intellectuals, is by no means limited to the intellectuals in its broad social effect—the shattering of the normative structures. It is visible in such West-wide phenomena as the decline of the work ethic, particularly of the sense of responsibility in work; in the spread of crimes of violence and of vandalism, particularly among adolescents; and in the general loosening of social ties—in short, in the increasingly defective functioning of the processes of socialisation and of the formation of identity. More lasting than that "Great Refusal" proclaimed by the intellectuals which remained largely on paper are the many small and shabby refusals that express the negative essence of the crisis without ideological cosmetics. In fact, intellectual revolt and "unconscious" decay are the two sides of the syndrome the whole of which constitutes the cultural crisis. Both sides converge in the decline of institutional authority.

The Loss of World Orientation

THE NON-IDEOLOGICAL DECLINE in the effectiveness of the norms of conduct and the authority of the institutions shows with particular clarity that the intellectuals have not created the cultural crisis. They have merely articulated it. It also demonstrates that the underlying changes are not tied to acute moments of social crisis, but are long-term in their nature and impact.

I believe we can distinguish two main types of such long-term processes of loss of meaning, which I should like to designate briefly as "*loss of world orientation*" and "*loss of ties.*" While the effects of both intermingle in the actual course of events, they may be analysed separately.

By "*loss of world orientation*" I understand the shattering of the faith in a recognisable meaning of human life and of social evolution in general. It is a commonplace of the discussion about our cultural crisis that this shattering originated from the secularisation of modern society, from the

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loss of an effective faith in a revealed, transcendent meaning. Against that I am persuaded[3] that secularisation did not immediately produce that experience of a loss of meaning, because transcendent faith was at first replaced in its function of giving meaning to everyday life by a secular belief in Progress in this world that established an increasing hold over the masses. That new belief in Progress, which since the Enlightenment and the Industrial Revolution spread first in the West and later also in the non-Western world, was based on *(1)* the actual experience of accelerating scientific, technical, and economic progress; and *(2)* on the expectation that such progress would—whether in a straight line or dialectically, whether by automatic growth or by revolutions—lead also with inherent necessity to progress in the fulfilment of the basic Western values: to increasing rationality, broadening individual rights, and more comprehensive and ultimately universal solidarity in extending communities.

That belief has broadly dominated the 19th century, which was also the century of the world-wide expansion of the West, even though some individual thinkers and groups always refused to accept it. Its effectiveness among the masses, however, was only shattered in our century by a series of historic shocks beginning with the first World War. There followed the world economic crisis and the rise and expansion of the National-Socialist régime of terror, which was already based on the disappointments of the belief in progress and further undermined it. There followed also the Stalinist degeneration of the Russian Revolution which large parts of the Western intelligentsia had at first welcomed with humanist hopes. The destructions and sufferings of the second World War and the dropping of the first atom bombs formed a high point in the chain of events that uprooted the belief in progress.

Subsequently, the successes of the industrially advanced democracies in creating a directed economic system with steady growth and organising their international cooperation, in containing Stalin's dictatorship without a new World War and also in carrying out decolonisation peacefully at least in a number of countries, showed once more that a "progressive" solution of the most urgent problems of mankind might at least be *possible*. But these successes were paid for by the nuclear "balance of terror", and were accompanied by senseless and sanguinary colonial wars in some important cases. On that basis, the Vietnamese war caused a new, world-wide shock. It has been followed by a new consciousness of the world-wide dangers of hunger, threatening destruction of the environment, and an uncontrolled approach to the "limits of growth"—dangers that have increasingly unmasked the very process of scientific-technical progress and economic growth as at least potentially destructive.

NOW THE END OF THE CERTAINTY of a value-oriented historical progress means more than the mere loss of a great hope. It confronts the individual with a world that has become increasingly incomprehensible and menacing in its complexity without the support of a simplifying world view. It had been the certainty of progress that made tolerable the exposed situation of the individual amidst the uncontrollable multiplicity of social dependencies and political conflicts. Hence its loss produces not just sceptical doubt, but anxiety—fear of the atom bomb, of unemployment, of the loss of liberties and social rights, fear of uncertainty in all its forms. That anxiety is the direct root of the desperate readiness to look for the missing certainty in a doctrine that expresses a belief in secular salvation in a rationally disguised form—or in a retreat into a private world of drug-stimulated visions. In either case, the loss of the former belief in the necessary historical fulfilment of humanist values leads to their despairing abandonment.

The Loss of Ties

BESIDES THIS "loss of world orientation", however, we find as another cause of anxiety-producing loss of meaning a "loss of ties." This has resulted from the increasing difficulty of socialisation and identity-formation produced by accelerated change in the forms of life. True, the loosening of family ties began with the separation of home and working place in industrial society and with universal school education. The tendency was strengthened by the expansion of female employment and by the extension of school education far into adolescence. But the consequences for the socialisation

[3] R. Lowenthal, "Neues Mittelalter oder anomische Kulturkrise?", *Merkur* (Munich, September 1975).

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of the young had not been decisive as long as broadly similar norms of conduct were impressed by demonstration and instruction in home and school, and as they underwent only minor changes from one generation to the next.

Only when in the society of mass consumption the forms of daily life in the sphere of leisure, outside of school and workshop, began to change rapidly, when new generations began to grow up with quite new formative experiences—first with the motor-car and the fantasy-world of the movies, then with television, long-distance journeys, and the pill—only then the passing on of norms of conduct from one generation to the next became problematic in principle.

It was in the USA of the early post-War period that David Riesman classically formulated his observation that a new type of "other-directed character", groping for a model of conduct among the "peer group" of his contemporaries, was gradually replacing the older type of "inner-directed character" that had been formed by the introjection of the model of a father or teacher. But this means that the older generation could offer little help to the younger in developing norms of conduct corresponding to the new forms of life. The educator is faced with the dilemma whether to stick rigidly to his own concrete norms which no longer fit the situation of the educated, or to renounce altogether the attempt to pass on norms and to leave the growing young morally to themselves. In either case, he stands to lose his authority. Experience has indeed shown that the anti-authoritarian revolt of the young has as often been provoked by the moral capitulation of their elders as by their rigidity. Of course, a middle road is conceivable which would combine the handing on of our fundamental values with flexibility in the concrete norms of conduct. But to tread that road is difficult, and it requires in the educator a firmness and clarity of conviction which can hardly be offered by those who have themselves already grown up as "other-directed characters."

A FEEBLE DEVELOPMENT OF IDENTITY, due to the purely outward acceptance of rules of conduct and the absence of a serious encounter with convincing models—a "weakness of the ego" in the sense of Freud and Erikson—again becomes a cause of anxiety. It leaves the weak ego without sufficient reserves exposed to the internal pressures of its instinctive urges and the external pressure of its social dependencies. The consequences include such non-ideological phenomena of the cultural crisis as the criminality of youth gangs: but also conformist outward adjustment without conviction, and without the will to achievement or the readiness to take a stand. Politically, the victims of such failures of socialisation may become emotional rebels or careerist subjects without true loyalties (as the modern dictatorships excel in producing them) but hardly democratic citizens.

For the "loss of ties" I have discussed here has yet another aspect. There is the weakness of the tie to the national or political community resulting from the absence of a historical identification with it. In our time, the speed of historical change accelerates the dissolution of national myths and historical legends and undermines the loyalties based on them. (The same is true of the myths and loyalties of other value-infused communities, *e.g.* the older type of Marxist or syndicalist labour movement.) In the German Federal Republic, founded as it is on the catastrophe that followed the nationalist paroxysm of the Third Reich, this process has often assumed the form of a total loss of history among the young.

But as a tendency it can be observed also in the young generation of other Western nations. The decline of nationalism in those countries—so strongly contrasting with developments in the new, ex-colonial states—makes their young generation available in principle for more comprehensive, European, or universal ties—but it does not *create* such new ties by itself. For the time being, the loss of traditional ties thus leaves a gap in identity. It exposes the uprooted individual to the attraction of fictitious ties—say, to the non-existent "revolutionary world proletariat" or to the "liberation movements" of the former colonial nations—once those are offered to him by intellectual defectors from the West.

Decay, and the Alternative

I HAVE TRIED TO ARGUE that the cultural crisis of the West is not a direct product of acute crises of Western society and need not disappear once those crises are overcome. It has rather arisen from processes of long-term social change, because the creative reinterpretation of our basic values and the adaptation of our norms of conduct and our institutions have not kept pace with the acceleration and extent of those

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changes. Thus the cultural crisis is not a harbinger of a revolutionary upheaval, nor a portent for the fulfilment of total utopia, as many European and American intellectuals were inclined to believe only yesterday. It is, however, an indicator for the dangers of increasing decay, increasing despair, and increasing anomy, due to the absence of recognisable meaning and convincing norms.

Can we, then, perceive a chance for stopping that process of decay?

If the analysis here presented is correct, this must depend on the successful solution of two groups of problems: *(1)* essentially institutional solutions for the political and economic problems of the present world, so as to avert new destructive shocks, and, indeed to make value-oriented progress, far from the lost illusion of its historical *necessity*, at least a *possibility* once again; and *(2)* essentially normative solutions for the problems of education in the Western countries suffering from the cultural crisis.

It cannot be the task of this article—and indeed not the task of a single individual, even if he were gifted with far more universal knowledge of the problems than the present writer—to propose a system of such solutions. Yet I should like at least to hint at the direction in which, according to my view, they would have to be found.

We cannot solve the explosive, world-wide problems of hunger and population pressure, environmental destruction and limits of growth, raw material and energy procurement—nor the central problem of the coexistence of the advanced industrial countries and the poor and underdeveloped countries which all of them affect—without the willingness of the West to engage in comprehensive, systematic and serious negotiations with the poor countries. That presupposes the creation of joint negotiating organs of the West, not in order to build up a cartel-like "position of strength"; but, on the contrary, because no single industrial country can afford to make the necessary material concessions unless its competitors join in. And we cannot solve the problems of the control of growth in our own countries without giving the organs of the democratic state more influence on the direction of that growth, hence on the direction of investment, and without once again creating international organs for the coordination of those measures and making them, in turn, responsible to democratic control.

At the same time, we are faced with the need to orient our systems and methods of education more effectively than hitherto towards the requirements of socialisation and identity formation in a rapidly changing society. Awareness of the central role of education in our cultural crisis has (during the past decade in many countries) led to experiments which, owing to their one-sided, ideological orientation have in turn become factors deepening the crisis.

Let me only mention the illusion that education for critical thinking was possible without offering a fund of basic factual knowledge—knowledge which could in the beginning replace the experience indispensable for the formation of judgment but absent in the pupil, and later supplement the necessarily incomplete experience. Let me further mention the illusion that identity and communal loyalties could be formed without an idea of the historic origins of one's specific community, and in present conditions of the common origins and common values of the West. But the handing on of that idea, and particularly the awakening of a consciousness of basic Western values as distinct from the necessarily changing concrete norms of conduct, presupposes that "the educator must be educated." That means, of course, that such a consciousness must first be restored in public discussion.

FINALLY, I return to the question of the social function of the intellectuals.

In recent years, most of them have turned their backs on the destructive cult of violence and their face to our democratic institutions. This has not necessarily meant that they have ceased to be utopians, and to be vulnerable to the dangers implied in that. But many of them have at any rate become democrats while remaining critical, value-oriented human beings with a sense of responsibility for the future. I should like to express the hope that more and more of them will come to recognise that the basic values of the West are worth being preserved by renewal—and that they will commit themselves to the service of that creative task.

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Seamus Heaney

In Memoriam: Sean O'Riada

O'Riada's white head was Easter snow,
the silver knob on a swordstick.
He conducted the Ulster Orchestra
like a drover with an ashplant

herding them south.
I watched him from behind,
springy, formally suited,
a black stiletto trembling in its mark,

a quill flourishing itself.
He had a cornered energy.
He was in the fallow hell,
a snowball that would neither

thaw nor flow.
"How do you work?
Sometimes I just lie out
like ballast in the bottom of the boat

listening to the cuckoo."
The gunwale's lifting ear—
trusting the gift,
risking gift's undertow—

is unmanned now
but one whole afternoon
it was deep in both our weights.
We sat awkward on the thwarts

taking turns to cast or row
until mackerel shoaled from under
like a conjured retinue.
He had the *sprezzatura*,

more falconer than fisherman, I'd say,
unhooding a sceptic eye
to greet the mackerel's barred cold,
to pry whatever the cuckoo called.

As he stepped and stooped to the keyboard
he was our jacobite,
he was our young pretender
who marched along the deep

plumed in slow airs and grace-notes.
O gannet smacking through scales!
Minnow of light.
Wader of assonance.

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Column

"THE MORE I LEARN about Adolf Hitler, the harder I find it to explain and accept what follows. Somehow the causes are inadequate to account for the size of the effects. It is offensive to our reason and to our experience to be asked to believe that the [youthful Hitler] was the stuff of which the Caesars and Bonapartes were made. Yet the record is there to prove us wrong. It is here, in the gap between the explanation and the event, that the fascination of Hitler's career remains."

This comment on the continuing paradox which Hitler presents to the historian was written twenty years ago by Dr Alan Bullock, and is quoted by Mr Robert Waite in his book *The Psychopathic God, Adolf Hitler*.[1] In a review in *The New York Review of Books* (26 May), Dr Bullock writes that today he sees no reason to alter his comment. In a sense one sees what he means; and yet in one respect at least one feels that his comment does require alteration. For, in the thirty years since Hitler died, it has become increasingly clear that the stuff of which he was made was in some kind of way chemically different from that of the Caesars and Bonapartes. Of the last two it can truly be said: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Wherever one goes in Europe, or further afield, one will find their remains, in political institutions, in codes of law and systems of administration which still affect the way in which men live and think and feel today. But of Hitler himself there is literally almost nothing left, except the memory of terrible crimes (and a few monumental conceptions of Dr Speer and Dr Todt).

Yet this only increases the paradox of Hitler's life and career. If he really were of the same stuff as Caesar and Bonaparte, there would be no difficulty in understanding why he continues to fascinate us, just as they do; but since he was not, why should he continue to occupy men's minds as he continues to do? Dr Bullock quotes Mr Waite: "It seems likely that more will be written about Adolf Hitler than about anyone else in history with the exception of Jesus Christ", and this would seem to be no more than a pardonable exaggeration.

It is interesting that Dr Bullock, who knows as much about Hitler as anybody, should recognise that somehow or other he occupied a psychic dimension which is not really accessible to conventional methods of historical research. "Publishers", he says, "should be warned that there are no definitive biographies of Hitler and that the present state of historical knowledge about him, and historians' disagreement, are such that it is very unlikely there is going to be one." At the same time he believes that any new historical documentation of Hitler's career will not significantly increase our understanding of him. Since Dr Bullock wrote his own biography of Hitler, which, though written over twenty years ago, in my opinion still remains among the best we have, Dr Speer's memoirs have enormously increased our knowledge and understanding of how Hitler's ramshackle Third Reich actually worked; that it worked at all seems almost a miracle. Yet, as I think Dr Speer would be the first to admit, they leave us (like Dr Speer himself) as much in the dark as ever about the man who created it, a mystery and enigma which continue to haunt Dr Speer's life.

It is for this kind of reason, Lord Bullock tells us, that he turned with particular interest to a short book (for books about Hitler get longer and longer the more authoritative they claim to be, as if sheer weight of material, significant or not, will crush the reader into acquiescence) by Professor Rudolph Binion, called *Hitler Among the Germans*.[2] This may seem a surprising admission on the part of so scrupulous and scholarly an historian as Dr Alan Bullock, for Professor Binion's book is an exercise in the highly suspect field of psychohistory. Moreover, in the hundred-or-so pages of his book, Professor Binion does not hesitate to claim that he has the clue not only to the mystery of Hitler's life and career, but to the extraordinary symbiosis he achieved with that equally mysterious entity, with which Hitler identified himself and which identified itself with him: the German people, *das deutsche Volk*. But in fact Dr Bullock's interest is only a reflection of his more general view that, in the case of Hitler, historical scholarship is not enough, and must enlist the aid of other disciplines in order to solve its problems.

Professor Binion finds the reason for the identification which Hitler achieved between himself and the German people in the fact that both had suffered, independently, a traumatic experience, of a kind which made each recognise in the other a twin, a mirror image. In the days when Germany had rejected him and he was writing *Mein Kampf* in Landsberg prison, Hitler might have said to his potential audience, like Baudelaire: *Toi, hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable,*

[1] *The Psychopathic God, Adolf Hitler*. By ROBERT G. L. WAITE. Basic Books, $13.50, £7.95 (British publication in September).

[2] *Hitler Among the Germans*. By RUDOLPH BINION. Elsevier, $12.00.

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mon frère!

According to Professor Binion, Hitler's trauma arose out of the gas poisoning which he suffered in 1918 and associated with his mother's painful treatment by a Jewish doctor for terminal cancer. The German people's parallel trauma was created by the experience, in the same year, of total—and totally unexpected and unacceptable—defeat in war. But perhaps the origins of the two experiences were less significant than the nature of the experience itself. Again according to Professor Binion, speaking here not as an historian but as a psychiatrist, the traumatic experience is one which provokes "an exact, continual, unbearable remembering", which can only find relief in reliving the experience, that is to say, by recreating it under new circumstances which will enable the sufferer to identify himself with his past. The need for such relief is compulsive and irresistible, whatever the obstacles by which society seeks to contain it.

> "Traumatic reliving has an imperativeness about it that becomes veritably titanic in the face of outer resistance. All one's instincts, interests, and ideas fall in with it. And all one's inhibitions will fall before it: anyone sufficiently traumatised can massacre innocents, especially by remote control."

In Professor Binion's view both Hitler personally and the German People collectively, were traumatised in this sense. Hitler's genius, if that is the right word, was to merge Germany's collective trauma, its compulsion to relive and remember, with his own and so create a force of cataclysmic and volcanic proportions, "veritably titanic" and perfectly prepared for a massacre of the innocents.

I AM NOT ON THE WHOLE greatly impressed by psychohistorians, who in most cases relate psychological cause to historical effect in a way which is wholly arbitrary and dogmatic, and beyond any means of verification or demonstration. But in the case of Professor Binion's book I am prepared to think that his thesis does throw considerable light on an otherwise baffling problem and therefore deserves serious consideration by historians, such indeed as it has willingly been given by Dr Bullock. For it goes some way to fill the gap between cause and effect of which one is always conscious in any purely historical account of Hitler. Most of all, it is valuable because of the light it throws on the process by which Hitler and the German people so completely identified themselves with each other. It is of course a process which we can see at work in the lives, at certain moments, of other demagogues; but never to the same degree as in the case of Hitler and Germany, where it assumed an altogether new dimension.

As a result, Hitler achieved what Professor Binion calls an "incredible power of suggestion" over the German people, of every class and very nearly of every political persuasion, because even those who opposed him were not entirely immune to his sinister appeal. Professor Binion quotes a comment of C. G. Jung's in 1938:

> "He [Hitler] is the loudspeaker which magnifies the inaudible whispers of the German soul until they can be heard by the German's conscious mind. He is the first man to tell every German what he has been thinking and feeling all along in his unconscious about German fate, especially since the defeat in the World War."

This was indeed the impression which one received when listening to Hitler speaking, though then one was hardly in a position to explain it to oneself. It was the sense that for his German audience this was a man whose words stirred hitherto untouched depths of consciousness and there released feelings which would otherwise have gone unacknowledged either by themselves or anyone else. Because one was not a German one remained impervious to such necromancy and therefore one dismissed Hitler as a demagogue and a charlatan. But one was wrong because he really could call spirits from the vasty deep, and they answered to his call. And yet, immune as one was, one could not help being aware of, and frightened by, something mysterious and terrible which was beyond the scope of one's ordinary experience. Perhaps if Professor Binion's book had been available then, one might have been even more frightened.

★

THE STORM PROVOKED by Mr Peter Jay's appointment to be British Ambassador in Washington has been immensely enjoyable, because it gave the English an opportunity for behaving at their silliest, and even after only a few days it has become difficult to remember what the fuss was all about. No one for a moment suggested that Mr Jay was not qualified for the post; indeed, there was almost unanimous agreement that he commanded a formidable armoury of talents which any ambassador might envy. Nor, at a time when a youthful administration had taken over in the White House, was his youth held to be a disadvantage; equally, lack of diplomatic experience could hardly be counted against him, unless the Washington Embassy is to be regarded, as it never has been, as a closed shop of the foreign service. The only thing that could be held against Mr Jay is that he is the Prime Minister's son-in-law. Yet if his appointment is indeed a form of nepotism, it rather makes one wish that the Prime Minister

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A 208-page anthology of censored works by leading Polish writers has just been published secretly in Warsaw. It is called 'Zapis' (meaning 'listed') similar in concept to the British magazine *Index*, which uses material banned in the writers' own countries.

The material has been chosen on its literary merit and as it was initially intended to pass through the Polish censorship, none of it deals directly with current affairs. It includes a fragment of a banned novel by Jerzy Andrzejewski about the Russian poet and writer Boris Pasternak.

Nora Beloff, The Observer, 6 March 1977.

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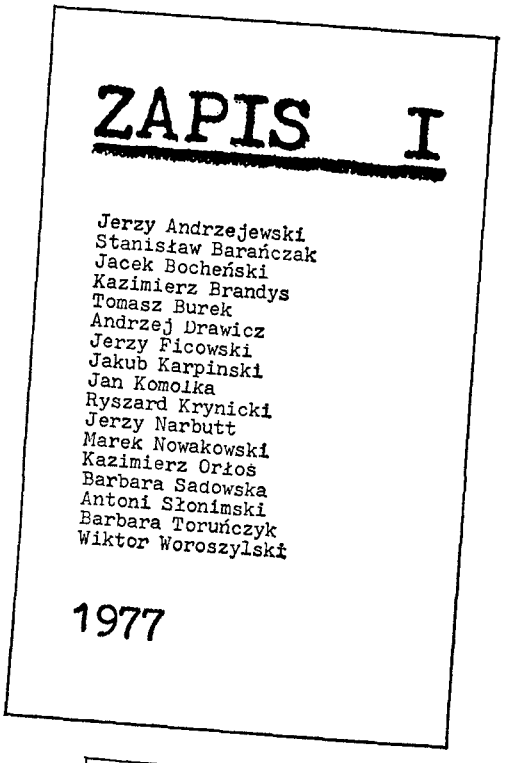

Too often during the emergency people asked the short-sighted question: why should the illiterate poor be expected to care about anything beyond the next meal?

The Indian electorate acted as if it knew the answer: the chance of there being a next meal is not increased but lessened when critics are silenced, when political expression is confined to courtiers, when power can be abused without exposure and check, when rulers cease to be obliged for their own survival to attend to the needs of the ruled.

Professor W H Morris-Jones in his introduction.

The author of this report, Soli J. Sorabjee, is now Deputy Solicitor General of India.

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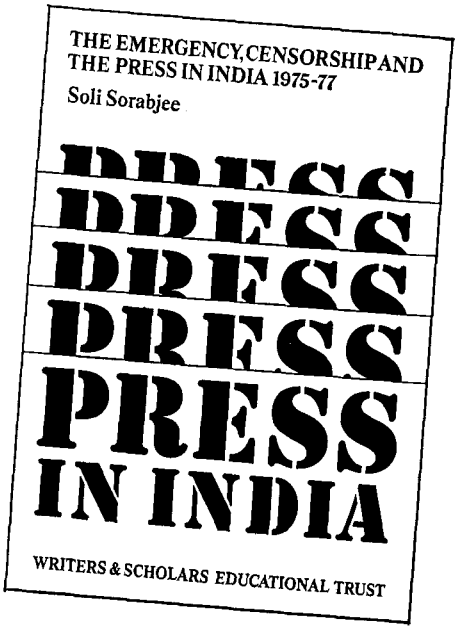

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had a whole quiverful of sons-in-law equally deserving of advancement.

There were, I suppose, serious reasons which might make one doubt the wisdom of the appointment. The primary function of the British Ambassador in Washington is to act as the head of a kind of superior sales organisation devoted to the promotion of British exports and the expansion of Anglo-American trade. With the best will in the world it is hard to see Peter Jay, for all his talents, as a high-powered salesman, unless perhaps for his own particular brand product, which is a peculiar compound of pro-Americanism, anti-Europeanism, monetarism, and something called market socialism. This does not however happen to be the line which the British government is particularly interested in selling at the present moment, and does not conform very well to official British policy, which it will be Ambassador Jay's duty to represent in Washington.

There is a second reason which will make it difficult for Mr Jay to carry out his duties successfully in Washington. One of those duties will be to strengthen America in the belief that in Britain, despite the immense decline in her economic and political power, she still has a strong, useful and reliable ally and associate, whose support will be worth having in difficult times, of which there are certain to be many ahead of us. Yet the one lesson which Mr Jay has consistently taught as Economics Editor of *The Times* is that Britain's decline has now gone so far that nothing, or at least nothing which is in any way likely to happen, can now avert a collapse which will destroy both its economy and its political institutions. I happen to agree, as readers of this Column know by now, with the analysis on which Mr Jay has based this prediction of doom. But I cannot help feeling that it may prove embarrassing to him when he stands up as a spokesman for our condemned island, or tries to sell Britain to the Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati. If I were an enterprising American Anglophobe, who wished to make trouble for Mr Jay, and for Britain, I should now devote myself to compiling an anthology of Peter Jay's writings on the future of Britain and arranging for its distribution to all the many audiences throughout America whom Ambassador Jay will be called upon to address.

I do not say that these are insuperable objections to Mr Jay's appointment; on the other hand I cannot help thinking that they make his mission a hazardous one, both for himself and for the country which he is now to represent. Indeed I admire the courage which inspires him to undertake it. His appointment is a calculated risk which Prime Minister Callaghan, Foreign Secretary David Owen and Peter Jay himself have jointly accepted, but now it really depends on Mr Jay himself whether it proves to be justified. I myself do not doubt that he has the qualities to make a success of his mission, though I think it will be difficult.

ENCOUNTER certainly could not do less than wish the greatest possible success to a valued friend and contributor. It is somehow rather nice to think that, with Mr Jay at the British Embassy, and Professor Brzezinski as a Presidential adviser in the White House, ENCOUNTER will be rather well represented in diplomatic circles in Washington. But of course, as always, we do not expect our contributors to agree with each other.

INDIGNATION CERTAINLY HAS NO place in what one should feel about Mr Jay's appointment; only doubts. But indignation is hardly a strong enough word for one's feelings about the treatment to which his predecessor, Sir Peter Ramsbotham, has been subjected; nausea and contempt would come somewhat nearer. Sir Peter has a record of distinguished service in a series of difficult and complicated missions; in Nicosia, in Teheran, and in Washington itself, under three Presidents, at a time when the country he represented was in a state of disintegration, and the country to which he was accredited was in a condition of unprecedented confusion. Each of these missions he discharged with distinction, to find himself, at the end, for reasons of political expediency, and amid a display of unexampled humbug and hypocrisy, held up to ridicule and mockery (*Headline:* "SNOB" ENVOY MUST GO).

Under Sir Harold Wilson, we became used to a régime in which honours were showered on the unworthy. Under Jim Callaghan, it would seem, we must learn to adjust to one in which distinguished public servants are exposed to insult and injury. It is really almost too much to ask of one.

R

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MUSIC

Vienna's Great Conductors

Burghauser's Memories—By B. H. Haggin

Hugo Burghauser, the Vienna Philharmonic bassoonist who was the orchestra's chairman from 1933 to 1938, and who in 1966 gave me his recollections of its experiences with Toscanini for the book *The Toscanini Musicians Knew* ("Remembering Toscanini", Encounter, April 1967), continued, in subsequent conversations, to relate other recollections which had the value of coming from someone who had himself witnessed what he spoke of. When, on one occasion, he described how Toscanini, in the greenroom after George Szell's first rehearsal with the NBC Symphony, berated Szell for a method of rehearsal that Toscanini regarded as mistreatment of the orchestra, and how Szell apologised abjectly, I asked in amazement how he knew this; and he answered with a spreading of upturned hands; "I was there." He had known Szell in Europe, had been at the rehearsal, and was in the greenroom with Szell when Toscanini stormed in. And one of the especially notable occasions when he "was there" was Arnold Schönberg's rehearsal with a small Vienna Philharmonic group, in the '20s, for a performance of his *Kammersymphonie*. At one point the clarinettist Polatschek leaned over to whisper to Burghauser that he had just discovered he had by mistake been playing a clarinet in B-flat instead of the one in A specified in the score, and Schönberg hadn't noticed it—which led to Burghauser's suggestion that the musicians play wrong notes to see if Schönberg would hear them, and their discovery that he did not hear them.

Part of Burghauser's interest in relating such incidents to me arose from the fact that I was someone who also could say "I was there." Thus, he told me once how Toscanini, at his first orchestral rehearsal of *Tristan und Isolde* in Bayreuth in 1930, had corrected mistake after mistake in the parts that had gone uncorrected by all the men who had conducted *Tristan* in Germany until then—"which", Burghauser remarked, "was for Furtwängler, a man of great vanity, an unbearable humiliation, and the reason for his antagonism to Toscanini." And as it happened I could describe the earlier "unbearable humiliation" that had been the initial cause of Wilhelm Furtwängler's antagonism to Toscanini. That is, "I was there" in Carnegie Hall in January 1925 at Furtwängler's first guest appearances with the New York Philharmonic, and witnessed his triumphs with orchestra, public and press that led to his being re-engaged for two months of each of the subsequent two seasons. And I was there again in February 1926 when Furtwängler, arriving after Toscanini's first guest engagement with the Philharmonic, and expecting to repeat his triumphs of the preceding year, encountered instead the lessened responses of an orchestra, a public and a press still overwhelmed by the performances they had just heard conducted by Toscanini. For Furtwängler, accustomed to triumph after triumph, this was not merely a disappointment but an "unbearable humiliation", which—since he could think of others only as being motivated by the same vanity and jealousy as his own—he regarded as having been contrived by Toscanini; and the antagonism this produced in him was revealed the following summer in the incident described by Rudolf Serkin. A performance of Brahms's Symphony No. 2 by Toscanini with his La Scala Orchestra in Zürich was for Serkin an "incredible revelation"; but Furtwängler, at a private reception after the concert, "embarrassingly and painfully told Toscanini in violent terms what he thought" about some things in the performance. Toscanini listened, in Serkin's words, "like a little boy"; then he answered: "When Steinbach [the conductor contemporary with Brahms whose performances of Brahms's symphonies were considered authoritative] came to Turin [in the 1890s] and conducted the Brahms Second Symphony, after the first rehearsal he turned to the orchestra and said: 'I have nothing to do. Who is your conductor?' And the answer was 'Toscanini'."

Moreover, Burghauser and I could talk about occasions when both of us had been there. Thus,

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I told him of having been charmed, in Salzburg in the summer of 1928, by the *Così Fan Tutte* conducted by Bruno Walter, and how, in Vienna the following winter, I had been overwhelmed by the more spirited, sharper-witted *Così* conducted by Richard Strauss, of which I recalled in particular Strauss's witty piano accompaniments for the recitatives. Burghauser had of course played in both performances; and as one who placed Strauss above all the German conductors he had worked with, he nodded and smiled as I spoke, then told me of his visit to Strauss in Montreux in 1949, the year of his death. The royalties from Strauss's works were still being withheld from him; and though Boosey & Hawkes were providing him with room and meals at the Montreux Palace Hotel in return for the new works they were to receive from him, he didn't have money for tips, or for the repair of the frayed cuffs of his shabby coat. At one point, said Burghauser, "I begged him to write out those enchanting accompaniments for the recitatives of *Così Fan Tutte*. But he pointed to the *Vier letzte Gesänge* and the Duettino for clarinet and bassoon, which he had to finish. So the accompaniments for *Così* were lost."

ON ANOTHER OCCASION Burghauser's indignant and scornful comment on some nonsense of Daniel Barenboim's about Furtwängler's superiority to Toscanini, in a *New York Times* interview, led me to recall Furtwängler's Beethoven Ninth in Salzburg in 1937, in which his preoccupation with now this, now that effect of the moment had destroyed continuity and shape. Burghauser gave me a sharp look and said: "Toscanini was there. He felt that this courtesy was required of him. This made Furtwängler more nervous than usual, and his first downbeat even more indecisive than usual; so the horns did not play the two notes of their opening fifth exactly together—which was for Toscanini only the beginning of his torture from the performance, expecially from Furtwängler's exaggerations of expressiveness in the slow movement." And from this Burghauser went on to tell me what had happened between Furtwängler and Toscanini the day before the Ninth, and what happened after the Ninth—which is to say that he gave me the true account of the historic confrontation, as against the myths about it in articles and books since then.

My own thought after this was merely to publish the truth about the confrontation. But a friend who had been fascinated by the reports of my conversations with Burghauser persuaded me to combine all the recollections of the conductors Burghauser had played under and I had heard into the narrative that follows.

IT WAS IN THE WINTER of 1918–19, Burghauser told me, that he became a member of the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, which outside the opera house carried on, as an autonomous corporate entity, its activity as Vienna's principal concert orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic. The conductor of its annual series of concerts at that time was Felix Weingartner, whose performances I didn't know until I began to hear them on records in the early '30s. Part of what Burghauser said about him confirmed what I had heard on those records: that his style of performance was not romantic, with big rubatos, but straightforward, with only the subtlest modifications of tempo, and achieving the utmost clarity of rhythm. This spare musical style, produced by the spare gestures of his conducting style, was at times thought to be rigid by what Burghauser called "the average listener"; but the musically experienced listener appreciated the subtlety of which Weingartner was a master. His performance of Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony, for example, though completely controlled and contained, had the lilt of Schubert, and an intensity of expression which Burghauser didn't encounter in any other performance until, much later, he heard it surpassed in Toscanini's. Burghauser spoke also of the dramatic power of Weingartner's performances at the Vienna Opera—in particular his *Tristan und Isolde*: when he first heard it, he couldn't imagine anything more passionate in dramatic expression.

Almost sixty, Weingartner was astonishingly youthful in appearance and in his singular behaviour when he conducted. He was married (when Burghauser joined the orchestra) to his third wife, an American singer named Lucille Marcel, who was extremely beautiful and also sang beautifully. At the Philharmonic concerts in the Musikvereinsaal she sat in the first box; and Weingartner, at some point in the work or performance, would turn and smile to her, as if he were performing in private, not for an audience of eighteen hundred. This sometimes gave the performance an unintended effect—one example Burghauser recalled being the *Gretchen* movement of Liszt's *Faust* Symphony, in which the effect was that of a movie love scene. As concert behaviour it was unprecedented and embarrassingly ridiculous.

Lucille Marcel died very suddenly, leaving Weingartner heartbroken; but he recovered very soon, said Burghauser; and the orchestra's first South American tour of several months with him was also his honeymoon trip with his fourth wife. She was another young American, Betty Calisch, a highly gifted actress, who appeared in the title role of Auber's opera *La Muette de*

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Portici, with Weingartner conducting, and made the performance a great success. And the new marriage caused Weingartner to look and act again like a youngster, and to conduct with renewed vitality, expressiveness and fire.

It was Weingartner's absence immediately after Lucille Marcel's death that was responsible for the guest appearance with the Vienna Philharmonic, in the spring of 1921, of the legendary Artur Nikisch. Half-a-century earlier he had been a violinist in the orchestra; now, at seventy, he returned to provide most of its members at this time with their greatest experience. He was called "*der Magier*"—someone with magical, hypnotic power; and the legend was that if he stood on the podium and conducted without an orchestra, the audience would hear an orchestra playing in response to his conducting. The reality that one heard, said Burghauser, was "a dream-like romanticism" under a control which kept it from becoming "an indulgence in some private violent feeling." And what one saw—the movements of extraordinarily beautiful marble-white hands and three-inch white cuffs between the hands and the black sleeve of the tail-coat—was like the waving of a magician's wand, which probably hypnotised impressionable listeners in the audience.[1] Even for the orchestra the experience of those movements that were as though made in a dream was like magic.

ARTUR NIKISCH *(Emil Orlik)*

When, after Nikisch's death a year later, Weingartner conducted a performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* in his memory, the unanimous judgment of those present was that Weingartner was Nikisch's successor—concerning which Burghauser remarked that they would not have thought this if they had heard Toscanini, but not even Toscanini's name was known there at that time. To demonstrate this Burghauser cited the incident related to him by a New York Philharmonic musician, which that musician, the cellist (later a conductor) Alfred Wallenstein, had related also to me in *The Toscanini Musicians Knew*, and which I prefer to report in his own words:

> "The first time I heard about Toscanini was in 1921, at a rehearsal of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, where Nikisch said: 'Gentlemen, I have just come from Milan, where I heard a performance of *Siegfried* conducted by a man named Toscanini that was the greatest performance of opera I have ever heard. Remember this name; because you will hear much of it.'. . ."

This reminded Burghauser of Toscanini's judgment of Nikisch years later: though he rarely spoke of his colleagues without some reservation, Toscanini had said without *any* reservation that *the* great conductor had been Nikisch. I refrained from saying that when I had asked Toscanini his opinion of Nikisch, his answer had been different: "Is good conductor—but make performance for public [Toscanini made gestures of Nikisch putting on an act]. And sometimes he do not look at [*i.e.* study] score." Then with increasing intensity: "When I conduct I am always prepared! I do not stand before public to show I am Toscanini—never!"[2]

THE CONDUCTORS AT THE Vienna Opera, in those first years, included its co-directors, Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk. By 1928–29, when I was in Vienna, Schalk was Director and principal conductor, and Strauss only appeared occasionally as guest conductor. And whereas I was delighted by Strauss's superb performances of *Così Fan Tutte* and *The Magic Flute*, and amazed by the first-rate playing he got from the third-rate Vienna Symphony of that time in Mozart's Symphony K. 201, Schalk's performances seemed to me products of musically unenlivened technical competence. Burghauser's high estimate of Strauss was therefore not surprising to me; but I was unprepared for what he

[1] It was interesting to have this confirmation of what the conductor Stiedry, years earlier, had told me—of Nikisch's counselling him on the importance for a conductor of having beautiful white hands and three-inch white cuffs.

[2] It was Schuch, the great Director of the Dresden Opera, whom Toscanini spoke of warmly without any reservation on this occasion. When I asked about him Toscanini's face lighted up and he exclaimed: "Oh *yes*! Is *good*! Is *good* opera conductor! He come to La Scala—is good conductor of Italian opera. I also hear him in Dresden—I hear *Oberon*—I remember overture is very beautiful." This statement, and others like it, revealed the generous emotion with which Toscanini recognised great achievement by anyone, and the joy it gave him.

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said about Schalk: that having been engaged by Gustav Mahler at the beginning of the century, he had developed very slowly into one of the greatest opera conductors. (He was not a symphonic conductor, but for many years conducted choral works of Bach and Handel at the monthly concerts of the Society of Friends of Music.)

Burghauser had become acquainted with Schalk's idiosyncratic conducting at the conservatory, where every week Schalk had conducted a student orchestra or opera rehearsal. At such a rehearsal, after beginning the piece, he would leave his music stand and walk about, peering over a student's shoulder at the music and listening to what the instrument or voice was producing, and only now and then returning to his stand to correct dynamics or balance. And the extraordinary thing about this was that his interpretative leadership continued to be felt by the students even when he stopped conducting and was walking about and they couldn't see him.

In the opera house too, when Burghauser began to play there as a young professional, there were not only the times when Schalk appeared to the audience not to be conducting at all, though actually he was making tiny movements with his long baton which the audience couldn't see, but which conveyed their unmistakable significance to the musicians who did see them. There were also the times when Schalk beat only part of the measure; and the times when he didn't do even that: Burghauser recalled how in the scene of the apprentices and girls in the third act of *Die Meistersinger* Schalk would give the first downbeat, then stop beating, lean back, and look at the vocal ensemble and orchestra that performed with the feeling of still being led. All this was possible because the musicians were so well acquainted with him—to the point where there was the essential mental contact between them. It was this mental contact that enabled Schalk to take the orchestra, in his idiosyncratic way, through the hair-raisingly fast and difficult introduction to the third act of *Der Rosenkavalier*; or when a singer suddenly was not together with the orchestra, to get them together again in an instant. Moreover the very fact that Schalk indicated his wishes so slightly and incompletely compelled the musicians playing with him to exercise their maximum of attention and concentration.

This was true also with Strauss, because of a conducting style whose extraordinary economy represented the highest self-discipline. To the audience he appeared immobile; since he kept the movements of his baton in front of his chest, and produced them not with his shoulder or his upper arm but at most with his forearm, and usually with only his wrist. But this minimum activity created an extreme concentration in the musicians; and so his mere glance or smallest movement could elicit from them, in a volcanic work like his *Elektra*, a volcanic response. And in *Tristan und Isolde*, which Strauss himself considered the most dynamic work in the entire literature of opera, there was the contrast between the quiet of his conducting operation and the intensity of expression to which it impelled the performers. Many in the audience were deceived into saying "Strauss again slept through the whole performance"; but the musicians who saw his eyes, the expression on his face, the almost invisible movements of his baton, and who responded to their compulsive force, knew the contrary.

The most interesting and impressive of Burghauser's recollections of Strauss's operation with the Vienna Philharmonic was the one of their two-month South American tour. Strauss wanted to finish the orchestration of his opera *Intermezzo* in those two months; and this may have been the reason for what he decided about rehearsals of their twelve programmes. In Rio de Janeiro, where the tour began, he held a hall rehearsal in the large opera house; and in the Colón in Buenos Aires he rehearsed a few crucial transitions; after which he said that since they had played the works together many times and were well acquainted with them, they would from now on meet in the evening at the concert. And the next two months they played the concerts without rehearsals and without a single mishap. Burghauser thought Strauss had counted on the fact that when an orchestra was on tour in a foreign country its concern for its prestige made it play with greater concentration than at home; and that even when the programme had been played repeatedly, playing it again without rehearsal also increased that concentration. And actually the orchestra played on this tour with more than its normal precision and expressiveness.

IN 1927 WEINGARTNER RESIGNED; and Furtwängler, who in 1922 had succeeded Nikisch as conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic and Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestras, and who had made guest appearances with the Vienna Philharmonic, accepted its invitation to conduct its entire annual series. When I came to Vienna in the fall of 1928 Schalk and Strauss were still conducting at the State Opera; but whereas I was excited by Strauss's performances of *Così Fan Tutte* and *The Magic Flute*, everyone else in Vienna was excited about Furtwängler; and I discovered that what excited them in his performances first surprised and then shocked me. Most shocking was the performance of Beet-

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hoven's Ninth, which, as it happened, I heard only a few days after Karl Muck's performance of it with his Hamburg Philharmonic in Copenhagen. As against the disciplined Muck operation, and the coherently proportioned structure it produced, still fresh in my mind, Furtwängler offered excessively slowed-down diminuendos to barely audible pianissimos in alternation with frenetically whipped-up crescendos to huge fortissimos, which achieved not a coherent realisation of the music's structure but a demonstration of his fluctuating emotional states. Moreover it was a demonstration to the eye as well as the ear, with his rapt stance in the diminuendos and violent gesticulation in the crescendos; and it impelled the audience to an outburst of hysteria at the end. Nor was it only Burghauser's "average listeners" whom the Furtwängler operation impressed: at a gathering of what my hostess informed me was the élite of Viennese musical society I was interrogated about my impressions of music in Vienna; and when, instead of agreeing with their admiration of Furtwängler's performances, as was expected of me, I spoke of what had seemed to me open to objection, the response, after a moment of stunned incredulity, was indignation, outrage and personal offensiveness. Asked, for example, what I *had* been impressed by, I said "Strauss's performances of *Così Fan Tutte* and *The Magic Flute*"; which elicited my hostess's disdainful "The worst, of course!"

RICHARD STRAUSS *(H. Lindoff, c. 1918)*

But Burghauser, when we talked about Furtwängler, not only recognised what I referred to in the performances but gave me an extraordinarily interesting explanation of it which represented the experience of the many years in which he had played under Furtwängler and got to know him well personally. He began with what he wanted to establish first, because of the controversy about it: the fact that Furtwängler was a generous man, kind-hearted and even soft-hearted in his response to appeals to that generosity, and this at great personal risk in the dangerous period of the Third Reich. With that established, Burghauser went on to what had to be said about Furtwängler's conducting: the lack of clarity and decisiveness of the gestures that conveyed to an orchestra what he wanted it to do; the extreme expressiveness in performance that he often carried to the point where it was "over-romantic" and "rhapsodic", with damage to rhythmic structure—all of which made his conducting very different from Weingartner's and Strauss's. And then Burghauser gave his explanation of what was visible and audible in the conducting: that it was related to an important personal characteristic of Furtwängler, namely his vacillation. Whatever the situation—personal, artistic, political—he had great difficulty in making a decision, postponed it as long as possible, and sometimes did not reach it at all. The political example Burghauser cited was his inability—in spite of his moral convictions and moral statements—to reach a clear and definite position and decision concerning the Third Reich. And the same indecision produced his vague initial downbeat, and what Burghauser called his "rhythmic incongruities", by which I understood Burghauser to mean that because Furtwängler was unable to decide his modifications of tempo in advance of the performance and made them on impulse of the instant in the course of the performance, they were often excessive and created disproportion in the rhythmic structure.

Elaborating on this, Burghauser described Furtwängler's very first concert in Vienna in the season of 1913–14—a guest appearance with the Vienna Tonkünstler Orchestra by an unknown young conductor from the Baltic Sea town of Lübeck who, for the opportunity to conduct in Vienna, had agreed to repeat without any rehearsal, at a popular Sunday concert, the programme the orchestra had performed under its regular conductor a few days before. Burghauser was one of several students at the conservatory who had been permitted to sit on the stage behind the orchestra, and who, facing Furtwängler, saw him give an initial downbeat (for Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony) so vague that none of them could tell when the orchestra was to begin to play. For this downbeat, which

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remained a prominent and much-discussed feature of his conducting, the orchestras, said Burghauser, developed in time a sixth sense that enabled them to begin—often even to begin correctly, but certainly not always correctly: the two notes of the horns' opening fifth of Beethoven's Ninth were rarely played precisely together. And Furtwängler had answers to the criticism of his practice. Burghauser told me one of them: that a precise and sharp downbeat was, for Furtwängler, not a way of obtaining the concentration and expressiveness he obtained with his slow movement down—down—down.[3] And a musician whose teacher was a close friend of Furtwängler told me another: if, for a quiet entrance, he were to give the usual definite downbeat the entrance would have emphasis, almost an accent, which it should not have; but with *his* downbeat he led the orchestra into an entrance in which the sound appeared to be there out of nowhere. He had an answer also to the criticism of his "rhythmic incongruities"—one, said Burghauser, which denigrated what he was unable to achieve: that in performance of great music rhythmic correctness and precision were of secondary importance; what was of primary importance was "expressiveness, *Steigerung*, build-up, climax."

In 1919, after a few years in Mannheim that had won him fame in Germany, Furtwängler came to Vienna again, this time as regular conductor of the Tonkünstler Orchestra. The musicians of the orchestra were aware of his technical and musical shortcomings, said Burghauser; but the public was overwhelmed by the expressiveness, build-up and climaxes. Also it was affected by what it saw: Furtwängler's tall, thin body, when he conducted a slow cantilena, swayed back asymmetrically; and this stance and the expressive movements of his long arms were, for the public, those of an inspired musician. And from the critics he won great praise as a young exponent of a new expressive (even expressionistic, said Burghauser) style. In the music of Beethoven, Brahms and Bruckner, which he conducted most, he was considered supreme.

Soon he made his first guest appearance with the Vienna Philharmonic, conducting Brahms's Fourth with unusual restraint in gesture and build-up of dynamics, and achieving a very effective and powerful performance. Recalling only the shapeless first movement of the Brahms Fourth I heard him conduct in Vienna in 1929, I asked Burghauser whether Furtwängler had kept the one tempo throughout the passacaglia of the last movement. His reply was that Furtwängler's liberties included having the solo flute's two variations played in the style in which an operatic cantilena would be sung—something the orchestra's musicians simply accepted as part of his romantic style. In time they learned how completely he was dominated by this tendency to "romanticise"; and they could accept it in Beethoven's Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Symphonies; but in the *Eroica*, the Fifth and the Seventh they found it far removed from any classical tradition and from what Weingartner had established for them as the style of Beethoven. Of the Ninth, which was considered Furtwängler's greatest achievement, Burghauser said that whenever Furtwängler conducted a chorus he excited it to a point where the 80 or 100 people were overpowering and really did in the finale affect the public as the words "*Seid umschlungen, ihr Millionen*" said. But in the first two movements the musicians of the orchestra were disturbed by the imprecise ensemble playing that didn't disturb the public; and in the slow movement Furtwängler made the expression of feeling so romantic that it produced what for the musicians was something Schumannesque, not a movement of a classical symphony. The public, however, seeing a conductor who appeared inspired, believed it was hearing a great performance; and the ovations it gave him expressed its conviction that Furtwängler was not merely the greatest conductor of his time but the greatest of all time—which meant greater than Richter, von Bülow, Mottl, Mahler, Nikisch, and which the musicians felt could not be true. The public's fanatical near-worship continued until Furtwängler's death; whereas to the musicians who played under him during the last year or more of his life it was evident that illness had left him with one ear not functioning and with an inability to coordinate what was being done in the pit with what was being done on the stage. And in this connection Burghauser mentioned that while he was much loved in Vienna by the public he was much feared by the critics, who didn't dare to express the slightest disapproval of anything he did, because he could and would go over their heads to their editors with complaints that could cause them great trouble.

EVENTUALLY BURGHAUSER CAME to the attempt, in the spring of 1929, to persuade Furtwängler to leave Berlin and succeed Schalk as Director of the State Opera. Here, Burghauser said with reluctance, Furtwängler revealed his character in what amounted to "shocking ethical misbehaviour." His acceptance of the directorship

[3] Burghauser related how at Furtwängler's first rehearsal at La Scala, as his baton moved slowly down—down—down, and one wondered when it would indicate a definite start, a musician in the orchestra called out, "*Coraggio, Maestro! Coraggio!*"

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at the end of the spring followed the necessary negotiations about details of the contract, and the two performances that he conducted at the State Opera in June as a sort of audition, since he had until then not conducted opera in Vienna (the performance of *Das Rheingold* Burghauser described as "in the best Bayreuth style"; the one of *The Marriage of Figaro* as "not the best"). The announcement of his engagement was made some time before the date of the formal signing of the contract; and the endless interviews that followed were noteworthy for the fact that whereas usually his statements were not precise, now they didn't leave even the slightest doubt. Nevertheless the sensational event occurred which nobody—possibly not even Furtwängler, said Burghauser—could have anticipated. On the day before the expected signing of the contract Furtwängler was in Vienna, giving interviews that were published; on the day of the signing a telegram from him in Berlin informed the officials in Vienna that he could not sign the contract. There was no explanation; and the newspapers in Vienna could only publish the official announcement in the Berlin papers that Furtwängler was remaining in Berlin as General Musical Director of the city's entire musical activity—this in addition to continuing as chief conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic. In time it was learned that he had been persuaded by the offer in addition of an extraordinary salary, a residence in the city, a villa in Potsdam, a private hunting lodge, and even a car with a chauffeur.

FRANZ SCHALK *(Hans Schliessman, 1900)*

An inevitable consequence of Furtwängler's breaking his commitment to the Vienna State Opera was his withdrawal from the Vienna Philharmonic's concerts; but in a shrewd move to preserve a link with the orchestra and with Vienna he offered to conduct the annual concert in honour of the orchestra's founder, Nicolai; and the offer was accepted. As for the Opera, his last-minute rejection created not only great embarrassment for the administration but the difficulty of filling the vacuum he had created in the little time now available.

The administration's choice was a young Viennese, Clemens Krauss, Director of the Frankfurt Opera and conductor of the Frankfurt Museum Concerts. His coming to the Vienna State Opera benefited by a good advance press and what Burghauser called "a favourable psychological climate." For in addition to his good looks he had about him the aura of the kind of legend that was a favourite preoccupation of the Viennese: he was said to be the son of the beautiful and popular ballet dancer Clementine Krauss and the popular Archduke Eugen, an art-lover and fine musician; and this was advantageous to Krauss because the Viennese, though leftist in current politics, were sentimental about the past and its Habsburgs. To the Archduke's tall figure Krauss chose to add a Spanish appearance with his sideburns, toreador's cloak and Calabrese hat.

Krauss, said Burghauser, had a smooth conducting technique which resembled that of his teacher, Schalk, but was more decisive and precise. Years earlier, in his late twenties, he had conducted the entire repertory at the Opera easily and flawlessly; now, in his middle thirties, he limited his conducting to new productions—which meant that at first he conducted very little but commanded greater attention on the rare occasions when he did conduct. And what he did on those occasions was remarkably good—an outstanding example being his Vienna première of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*. In addition, with Weingartner and Furtwängler gone, and the popular Bruno Walter fully occupied with his Charlottenburg Opera in Berlin and Gewandhaus

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Orchestra in Leipzig, there was no alternative to Krauss to propose as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts; and in these too he introduced a new repertory which interested the critics but was not liked by the orchestra's conservative audience.

UNFORTUNATELY THERE WAS in 1929 the beginning of the financial crisis which within two years reduced this audience by half, so that the Philharmonic's income was insufficient for its obligations. As a way of creating interest that would increase attendance the orchestra suggested to Krauss that half of the concerts be conducted by guests; but he rejected the suggestion, saying he would conduct all the concerts or none; and though the orchestra was autonomous in its concert activity, it could not create difficulties with the man who in the opera house would continue for some years to exercise power over it as Director and chief conductor. But in the spring of 1933, with the term of his opera contract approaching its end, the orchestra informed him of its long-deliberated decision to have a number of conductors, including him, for its 1933–34 series, and to have the others without him if he so chose. His immediate angry response was to cancel his appearance at the current season's final concert, for which the orchestra engaged Karl Böhm, then a young conductor in Graz. In addition Krauss withdrew from the orchestra's post-season tour of Italy; and Burghauser, its new chairman, informed him that for this too they would engage someone else. Hitler had made a number of prominent conductors available; and one of them had actually been engaged when, at the last moment, Krauss announced his decision to conduct the tour after all.

Among the conductors whom Hitler had made available were Otto Klemperer, who earlier had directed the Kroll Opera and then had conducted at the State Opera in Berlin, and Bruno Walter. Each was invited to conduct a special post-season concert of the Vienna Philharmonic; and since Klemperer's concert would be his first in Vienna he considered carefully what to perform, and finally suggested Bruckner's biggest symphony, the Eighth, which Burghauser gladly accepted. But when Klemperer arrived at the Musikvereinsaal for the first rehearsal Burghauser told him of the difficulty that had arisen. When he had conferred with Klemperer in Berlin he hadn't known that a performance of Bruckner's Eighth had been scheduled for the same week as Klemperer's by the Konzerthaus, Vienna's other concert hall; and its management had pointed out to him that if Klemperer, making his first appearance in Vienna with the Philharmonic, conducted Bruckner's Eighth, then the Konzerthaus performance of the Eighth would have no audience. Burghauser therefore asked Klemperer if he could change the programme, and was astounded when Klemperer answered that he would conduct any one of the other eight Bruckner symphonies that Burghauser preferred, and—Burghauser having suggested the Fifth, another big and powerful work—proceeded to rehearse it immediately without a score.

KLEMPERER'S initial downbeat, the orchestra's first concern, was clear, said Burghauser; his beat thereafter, though stiff, also was clear; his conducting style was for the most part conventional. But what produced the impressive result that a conventional style usually didn't produce was the unconventional movement of his left hand, which Burghauser said was like a conjuror's in the way it conveyed and achieved his expressive intention in this music that was prayer-like in its expression of religious feeling. As an ardent converted Catholic Klemperer found this feeling especially congenial, and was especially successful in conveying it: in the finale of the Fifth Symphony the culmination of the double fugue in the chorale of the brass had an effect it had never had in any previous performance. Until then Furtwängler and Bruno Walter had been considered the outstanding conductors of Bruckner; but with this performance of the Fifth, his performance of the Eighth in Salzburg that summer, and his performance of the Ninth at a special concert for the international Eucharistic Congress in Vienna in September, Klemperer demonstrated that he, not Furtwängler and Walter, was the greatest and most impressive conductor of Bruckner's symphonies. And what was noteworthy was that he achieved their greater expressive effectiveness with performances that were kept within the limits of a classical style and a clear, coherent rhythmic structure—in contrast with the performances of Furtwängler and Walter, whose extreme rhythmic freedom and irregularity romanticised and sentimentalised the works. Burghauser was aware that these romanticised and sentimentalised performances had great popular appeal, but maintained that professional musicians shared his view of them as dilettantism, even if the dilettantism of technically gifted and musically sensitive conductors. The feeling of the professional musicians was that Klemperer had provided a replacement of what had been lost with Weingartner and Strauss.

The entire orchestra was so impressed by Klemperer's extraordinary first concert that he was engaged for the opening concert of the Philharmonic's series late in September. Earlier

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in September there was an unsuccessful attempt by a rival conductor to wreck the special concert for the Eucharistic Congress by informing Cardinal Innitzer of Klemperer's involvement in a scandalous incident in Hamburg many years before; and the Philharmonic's first regular concert provided an opportunity for Krauss to make trouble. To avoid conflict with its work at the Opera the orchestra carried on its concert activity on weekends: Saturday afternoon for the public general rehearsal, Sunday at noon for the concert. But on this occasion in September 1933 the Musikvereinsaal was not available on Saturday afternoon; therefore the general rehearsal had to be shifted to Sunday at noon, and the concert to Monday evening, when there was a performance at the Opera. Burghauser persuaded an administrative officer there to schedule for that evening Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, whose small orchestral requirements freed the players Klemperer needed for Beethoven's *Eroica*, and whose cast included none of his soloists in a Bach cantata. But on the Monday of the concert the solo tenor in the cantata was notified that he would have to sing in *Ariadne* that night; and so Burghauser had to plead with Krauss, who enjoyed being able to point out that Burghauser ran the orchestra but he, Krauss, ran the Opera, and the tenor was not available for the concert. In the end Burghauser advised Krauss to consider the effect of what would have to be done: since there was no other way of informing the audience, Burghauser, at the moment when the concert was to begin, would announce there would be no concert because the tenor for the Bach cantata had been required to sing in *Ariadne* at the Opera; and since the audience would know the tenor was not needed for *Ariadne* it would perceive the nature and intent of the Opera's action. Thereupon Krauss laughed heartily at what he said was Burghauser's inability to understand a joke, and told him that of course the tenor could sing at the concert.

With this opening concert of the regular series out of the way, Burghauser's next concern was two extraordinarily important special concerts in October; but before beginning with these I will give the conclusion of his report on Klemperer, which dealt with the final concert of the Philharmonic's series that Klemperer conducted in the spring of 1934. After the Wagnerian sound one had heard in Klemperer's performances of Bruckner, said Burghauser, one wasn't prepared for the fine and subtly differentiated sound he produced in his performance of Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which Burghauser characterised as "an acoustic miracle." And equally impressive in its contrasting way was his performance of Stravinsky's *Petrushka*. With the success of this concert, after the successes of the previous ones, the orchestra looked forward to a continuing collaboration with him; but this prospect was ended by his acceptance of the invitation to become conductor of the orchestra in Los Angeles.

OTTO KLEMPERER *(Otto Dix, 1923)*

AS FOR THE Philharmonic's special concerts in October 1933, their extraordinary importance was the fact that they were to be conducted by Toscanini. In May 1929 he had concluded his long association with La Scala by taking the company to Berlin for nine performances of Italian opera; and on the way they had stopped in Vienna to perform *Falstaff* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. I was still in Vienna at the time and heard the performances. But though I, like the Viennese, heard Toscanini's performances of these particular operas for the first time, I had heard other performances of his—a few in 1914–15 at the Metropolitan Opera, and in more recent years many with the New York Philharmonic—which had acquainted me with the distinctive characteristics of his performing style that made these performances of *Falstaff* and *Lucia* the marvels they were; whereas the *Falstaff* and *Lucia* gave the Viennese their first experiences of a performing style, and performances in that style, the like of which they had never heard. And since they had believed until then that what they heard in Vienna surpassed anything that was to be heard elsewhere, the experience of these performances that surpassed any they had ever heard was overwhelming. Some may have reflected that the experience had been

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limited to performances of Italian operas; but a year later Toscanini had come to Vienna with the New York Philharmonic and overwhelmed the Viennese with his performances of the orchestral literature—performances which, a Viennese friend wrote to W. J. Turner, "showed us things in Beethoven and Wagner that we Germans never heard before." And as a result there were again invitations to Toscanini to conduct in Vienna, which, like the previous ones, he didn't answer.

But in the spring of 1933 Burghauser, as newly elected chairman of the Vienna Philharmonic, had written another invitation to Toscanini; and in his recollections in 1966 for *The Toscanini Musicians Knew* he ascribed Toscanini's acceptance this time to the bit of "psychological diplomacy" he had put into his letter: his statement that the orchestra realised Toscanini's high standards, and therefore if its duties at the State Opera didn't leave enough rehearsal time during the day for him it was willing to rehearse with him after the evening's opera for as long as he would wish. This gave me the impression that Toscanini had accepted immediately; but in the talks a few years later it turned out that months had passed in which Burghauser too had received no answer to his letter. However, one of the visitors in Salzburg that summer was the violinist Huberman, who on his way to Palestine intended to visit Toscanini to ask for his assistance in Huberman's project of forming an orchestra there. When Huberman discussed with Burghauser the lack of enough qualified players among the immigrants already in Palestine, Burghauser was able to give him helpful suggestions; and Burghauser in turn asked Huberman, when he saw Toscanini, to mention his letter and if possible obtain an answer. The evidence of Huberman's success in this mission, said Burghauser, was the telegram that arrived soon afterwards with Toscanini's characteristically simple and brief statement that he consented to conduct two programmes in Vienna on 24 and 29 October. But, as Burghauser related his subsequent experiences with Toscanini I felt certain that Huberman had succeeded only because of Burghauser's "psychological diplomacy" in his letter. To Toscanini—who had left the Metropolitan Opera, he told me, because of its failure to maintain the discipline and high standard he insisted on, and had walked out of other situations for the same reason—Burghauser's statement about rehearsals had revealed an understanding of those standards and a willingness to do what they required; and this must have been what caused him to accept the invitation. And it did more than that. I had had opportunities to observe Toscanini's response to someone who he thought understood and shared his feeling about how music had to be treated in every dealing with it—that response being a trust as simple and direct, and in this as moving, as a child's. And it was clear to me that such trust in Burghauser had produced the behaviour in Vienna that Burghauser told me about, in which Toscanini repeatedly had surprised him by not being the "difficult" person he could be.

THUS, WHEN TOSCANINI arrived on the morning of 20 October he told Burghauser he had had a bad night in the sleeping car and therefore wished to postpone the first rehearsal to the next day; to which Burghauser replied hesitantly that if Toscanini did not appear at the Musikvereinsaal where the newspaper reporters were waiting they undoubtedly would invent sensational stories for their papers about some conjectured conflict, and that for this reason he begged Toscanini to come to the hall to rehearse just for a few minutes—which Toscanini, without demur, agreed to do. When, after two subsequent full-length rehearsals of the first programme—Mozart's *Haffner* Symphony, Brahms's Haydn Variations, Beethoven's Seventh, Wagner's *Meistersinger* Prelude—Burghauser inquired about the additional rehearsals Toscanini would want, Toscanini answered that since everything was good no further rehearsals were needed. Before the rehearsal of Debussy's *La Mer* for the second concert he ascertained from Burghauser that the orchestra, as he had surmised, didn't know this work, and commented that it was "*tanto difficile*"; so there appeared to be reason to expect a stormy rehearsal; but it turned out instead that Toscanini—finding the orchestra to be, in Burghauser's words, "full of goodwill and concentration"—was extremely patient in the joint effort that achieved a performance which fully satisfied him. There were invitations to repeat the concerts in neighbouring countries; and when Burghauser ventured to suggest a repetition of one of the programmes in Budapest, explaining that the orchestra played there frequently, Toscanini's reply, he said, was like that of an old family friend: "*Si, faciamo*. Yes, we'll do it." At the reception after the concert in Budapest one of the guests was the composer Kodály, whose *Psalmus Hungaricus* had been performed by Toscanini at La Scala; and the consequence of their encounter was Toscanini's statement to Burghauser, "I am thinking of performing Kodály's *Psalmus Hungaricus*", which overwhelmed him with its revelation that Toscanini was expecting to conduct the orchestra again, and the fact that the chorus for Kodály's work made it possible to perform Beethoven's Ninth. In Vienna the next day, when Burghauser was

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saying goodbye to Toscanini, he asked whether they could hope the programme he had mentioned would be performed the following autumn; and Toscanini's answer was "*Sì, naturalmente.*" This impelled Burghauser to ask further what actually he had no authority to ask—whether, after almost a year's separation, it wouldn't be desirable for Toscanini and the orchestra first to repeat in Salzburg next summer the two programmes they had just performed; and again Toscanini's reply was a mere "*Sì, va bene.*" Only when the director of the Salzburg Festival considered it necessary to ask Toscanini to confirm to him the commitment reported by Burghauser did Toscanini protest: "But I have already said yes. Why again?" And this continued to be true in the years that followed: it was the occasional intervention of others that resulted in difficulties with Toscanini, whereas Burghauser found that one thing led easily to the next—the concerts in Vienna in 1933 to the ones in Salzburg and Vienna in 1934, these to the concerts and the operas *Fidelio* and *Falstaff* in Salzburg in 1935, and these to the Salzburg *Meistersinger* in 1936 and *Magic Flute* in 1937.

FOR THE ORCHESTRA there were the surprises of Toscanini's unfamiliar and idiosyncratic operation as conductor and musician, and what this operation achieved. Toscanini's baton, said Burghauser, did not describe the traditional geometric patterns that orchestra musicians are accustomed to rely on and look for; but its unconventional movements indicated his wishes so clearly and unmistakably that one felt oneself being led with complete assurance as if by a seer. Except in a big climax those movements involved no more than Toscanini's forearm; and it was the tip of his long baton that was most significant to the player—that told him he was to play not *piano* but *pianissimo*, not *forte* but *mezzo-forte*. Equally novel and idiosyncratic was Toscanini's use of his left hand: the horizontal movement like that of blessing, which achieved overall balance in the orchestra—a phenomenon, said Burghauser, that was a new experience for the orchestra; the forefinger raised to his lips that achieved an extraordinary delicacy; the middle finger placed on his heart with a cellist's slight vibrato that achieved the finest and most intense *espressivo*.[4] In addition to the movements there was the powerful glance that signalled, a bar in advance, every entrance of a section or a solo player, so that one saw what Burghauser in 1966 described as a "parallel conducting of what was going on now and what was coming the next moment"—another phenomenon that was a new experience for the orchestra.[5] And there was Toscanini's novel practice, when he had a section of the orchestra play its part alone, of singing one of the other parts with it—which, said Burghauser, made the orchestra play with great plasticity, since Toscanini's singing, though hoarse, was tremendously expressive.

What Burghauser had spoken of in Strauss's conducting operation—the powerful effect on the orchestra of his smallest movement or mere glance—was true also of Toscanini's, and to an even more extraordinary degree. "Miraculous" was Burghauser's term for the *espressivo* that resulted from Toscanini's merely placing his middle finger on his heart with a cellist's slight vibrato; one almost held one's breath, he said, as Toscanini's mere raising his forefinger to his lips produced the utmost in delicacy and subtlety. And from this Burghauser went on to speak of the impact of such subtleties on those who experienced them—citing the powerful effect, in the musical progression characterised by what Burghauser called "rhythmic severity", of Toscanini's slight modifications of tempo; recalling how in a love scene his crescendo from *pianissimo* to *mezzo-forte* (as against Bruno Walter's from *piano* to *fortissimo*) achieved an expressive tenderness beyond any that Burghauser had ever experienced; recalling further the "acoustic phenomenon of eerie quiet" at the end of *Scene at the Brook* in Beethoven's *Pastoral* Symphony, which the musicians of the Vienna Philharmonic, after having played the work every year of their lives, experienced for the first time when they played it with Toscanini.

They had expected, before Toscanini's coming, some undefined greatness; but the actual powers he demonstrated, and what those powers achieved, in the creation of the two concerts in October 1933 overwhelmed them. They could scarcely believe they had really participated in that creation of sound, rhythm, climax, of subtle nuances in colour, rhythm, intensity. For Burghauser, who had been with the orchestra fifteen years, and for those in it who had played with Brahms, it constituted a wholly new musical life. And whereas in 1966 he had summed all this up

[4] The left hand did considerably more: in 1946 I wrote about its "constant and fascinating activity as the instrument of the watchfulness that shows itself on Toscanini's face—now exhorting, now quieting, now warning, now suppressing."

[5] An American horn-player told how when he had a number of bars' rest that he was counting in reverse, increasingly nervous as he counted "five—four—three", he would look up one bar before his entrance and find Toscanini's eye on him, and then simply find himself playing, as though Toscanini had reached out and drawn him in.

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in the statement that after its years with Weingartner, Strauss, Bruno Walter, Furtwängler, Klemperer, "the orchestra, with Toscanini, realised that this was the climax of every musician's experience. Not only because he was superior to other conductors . . . but because he made us *superior to ourselves*"—now, a few years later, he astonished me with the statement that Toscanini's achievement with them surpassed what they had heard him achieve in Vienna in opera with La Scala and in concerts with the New York Philharmonic. Nor was it only they who believed this, Burghauser added when he saw the astonishment and doubt on my face, but Toscanini: though known as one for whom perfection was an unattainable goal—for whom, that is, there were always details in a performance that did not satisfy him—he said of what they did with him that "it was simply perfect."

However, though I felt no need to try to persuade Burghauser, my doubts remained, not only because of what I remembered hearing, but because of a revealing statement by Toscanini reported to me by Alfred Wallenstein. He had, after a rehearsal at La Scala, pointed out to Toscanini that he had let the orchestra's out-of-tune playing pass without comment, whereas such playing in New York would have caused him to walk out of the rehearsal, to which Toscanini had replied: "That is because in New York I know they can do it, but here I know they cannot." Toscanini, that is, recognised and adapted himself to the different capacities of the orchestras he conducted; he knew, therefore, what he might expect of each, what was its own best, its own perfection; and he smiled as happily after his La Scala *Falstaff* and *Lucia* in Vienna in 1929 as after his Salzburg *Fidelio, Falstaff, Magic Flute* and *Meistersinger* in 1937, after the Vienna Philharmonic's performance of the Brahms-Haydn Variations in 1937 as after the New York Philharmonic's in 1935. But I am sure he knew not only that the La Scala Orchestra's best in 1929 was surpassed by the Vienna Philharmonic's in 1937, but that the Vienna Philharmonic's breathtaking perfection in the Brahms-Haydn Variations had been surpassed by the New York Philharmonic's. And he actually said once that the New York Philharmonic had been the greatest of the orchestras he had conducted.

BRUNO WALTER *(Rudolf Grossman)*

AFTER TOSCANINI'S DEPARTURE Burghauser and the orchestra looked forward to the two concerts with Bruno Walter. A native of Berlin, said Burghauser, Walter had, 30 years earlier, been engaged by Gustav Mahler as one of his assistant conductors at the Vienna Court Opera; and in his long association with Vienna a love had developed between him and the public that had led him to declare himself a *Wahl-Österreicher*—an Austrian by choice. This association had continued after he had left the Vienna Opera: having, contrary to general expectation, not been appointed Director when Mahler, in 1907, resigned to go to the Metropolitan in New York, Walter in 1912 accepted the post of Director of the Munich Court Opera. And whereas in Vienna he had been only a local celebrity, overshadowed by Mahler, in his prominent new post he soon acquired eminence throughout Europe. Moreover, his musical prestige was reinforced by his connections with literary movements and his friendship with Thomas Mann, a resident of Munich, which gave him the reputation of a literary connoisseur and provided him with a spiritual soundboard. The cosmopolitan outlook of Mann and Walter and their group would later compromise them in the eyes of the Hitler régime; but in the 1920s it contributed to the fame that produced Walter's comet-like rise. His achievements in Munich led to his appointment as conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra; in 1925 he became Director of the Charlottenburg Opera in Berlin, which he raised to the first rank; and as one of the founders of the Salzburg Festivals he was, in their early years, the major figure in their symphonic and operatic activities.

In this period he came as guest to conduct special concerts of the Vienna Philharmonic, which, except for an occasional work of Mozart

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or Schubert, he devoted to the music of Mahler. He owed his popularity in Vienna in part to this devotion to, and identification with, Mahler and his music; and it was he who, a year after Mahler's death, conducted in Vienna the world première of *Das Lied von der Erde*. Burghauser stressed the excellence of Walter's performance of this work, its superiority to all others, he said, because of Walter's shortcomings as a conductor of most symphonic music. Describing the forceful movements of Walter's left hand that suddenly, as if on the spur of the moment, called forth extreme changes and contrasts of dynamics and made the distinctive characteristic of his performances their seeming impetuousness and uncontrolled impulse, Burghauser thought all this had its roots in Walter's lifelong conducting of Mahler's music with its abundance of sudden forceful contrasts, and that Walter's transference of his manner of conducting Mahler to the music of other composers amounted to eccentricity. The other defect that Burghauser spoke of was Walter's weakness in rhythm. When in time he recognised the need of extending his repertory, he chose the symphonies of Bruckner, whose romanticism and religious feeling he felt were fully realised in performance by his extreme rhythmic freedom. The public accepted this rhapsodic style as authentic for Bruckner; whereas for a professional musician its liberties produced what Burghauser characterised as a dissolution of the work's rhythmic anatomy. It was only years later that Klemperer demonstrated the greater effectiveness of the performances of Bruckner whose build-ups to their climaxes were achieved within a strictly maintained rhythmic structure. And when this strictly maintained rhythm of Klemperer, and also of Toscanini, was accepted as correct, Walter's style was seen to be weak.

But all this, Burghauser emphasised, was true only of Walter's symphonic conducting, not of his conducting of opera: his performances of Mozart's and Verdi's operas in the 1920s and '30s were unequalled. The singers' liberties that were normal in opera worked against a strictly rhythmic performance; and Walter, with his skill and flexibility as an accompanist, fitted his liberties around theirs.

Walter's rise was ended suddenly and brutally early in 1933 by the advent of the Hitler régime. He was one of the prominent musicians who had persisted in believing they would be treated as exceptions because they would be needed for the régime's cultural prestige. But at the moment when Walter was to begin a concert of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra the police appeared in the hall and forced him to leave, alleging that they were doing this to protect him from the violent demonstrations that would otherwise occur. Within 48 hours Walter received an invitation from the Vienna Philharmonic to conduct it in a special concert—which he did a fortnight later. And the success of this concert led to his being engaged as one of the orchestra's permanent guest conductors of its regular subscription series.

Burghauser's recollection of the special concert early in 1933 included an accident that was minor in itself but had major significance. The programme featured Mozart's Piano Concerto K.466, with Walter playing the solo part and conducting from the piano. Walter was the only one who did this at that time; and it was always an extraordinary achievement and a great success with the public. But on this occasion, at one point in the finale of the concerto, his fingers took a wrong course which led them to a section that had already been played. Since this was a work it knew very well, the orchestra was able to jump back to where it rejoined the piano with only a moment of confusion in the uninterrupted performance. On another occasion the mishap would have been amusing; but at this concert Burghauser recognised it as a manifestation of the state of shock of the prominent musicians who had been cruelly uprooted by the Nazis. Someone who, like Burghauser, was familiar with their work in former years could hear the effect of their experience in their performances—in the loss of rhythmic firmness and correctness, resulting in rhythmic structure that Burghauser characterised as "out of joint." The one exception, he said, was Klemperer, who continued to exhibit neurotic eccentricities in private, but not in his musical activity in public.

WALTER'S TWO CONCERTS in the Philharmonic's regular series in the fall of 1933 revealed something else of major importance. Conducting the orchestra a few weeks after Toscanini, Walter had the same experience as Furtwängler when, in 1926, he had returned to the New York Philharmonic after Toscanini's guest engagement: the impression of Toscanini's performances on the public caused it to respond to Walter's with much less than its usual warmth. And this turned out to be the experience of all the other conductors—Kleiber, Busch, Weingartner, even Furtwängler—accustomed to the acclaim of a public that had regarded them as unsurpassed: conducting now in Vienna, Budapest, Salzburg after Toscanini, they encountered a diminished response which bewildered them, since understanding it required them to acknowledge that the public was in effect declaring its belief in Toscanini's superiority; and which reduced them to despair, since their greatest, even frantic, efforts

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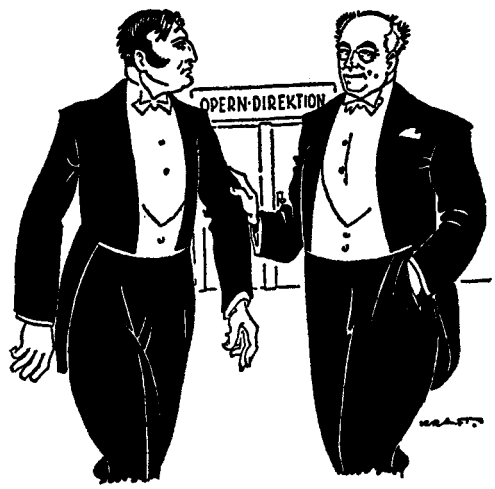
proved to be of no avail in the situation: whatever they did was overshadowed by Toscanini's achievements. This had not been anticipated by the Philharmonic, which recognised that it was unjust and tragic, said Burghauser, but had to accept it as the hard reality for the next four years. As such it caused the despairing conductors to fight back, each in his own manner; and Burghauser's account of the period from 1933 to 1937 included a description of the behind-the-scene counter-moves and intrigues whose defeat made possible the great artistic achievements presented to the public.

THE FIRST BACKSTAGE MOVE against Toscanini was made by Clemens Krauss, and was indirect. He was aware of how Burghauser's involvement with Toscanini's visit had—because he was someone with whom Toscanini could communicate in his own language and whose good faith Toscanini trusted—kept that visit undisturbed by misunderstandings and other difficulties; and he could expect that if Burghauser were eliminated those misunderstandings and difficulties would arise and build up to the point where, as in the past, Toscanini would put an end to his frustration and exasperation with an abrupt departure. And so Krauss directed his attack at Burghauser, who during the lull of the Christmas holiday period was summoned to the office of the General Intendant of the State Opera, where that official requested his resignation from the Opera orchestra, which would automatically remove him from the Philharmonic. But Burghauser demanded the investigative court proceeding to which he was legally entitled, and at which he would learn what he was accused of, confront the witnesses and be permitted to reply. And at this proceeding before an administrative court, a few weeks later, he discovered that the witnesses were four musical scholars and critics, including Paul Stefan and Max Graf, whose written testimony, when read, accused Burghauser of having tried to persuade them to collaborate with him in the publication of derogatory material about Krauss's operatic and concert activity, which would damage the prestige of the Opera and the Philharmonic.



CLEMENS KRAUSS *and* FELIX WEINGARTNER
(N. Kraft)

When this testimony had been read, however, the four protested that it misrepresented their original statements, and that they never would make those alleged accusations against Burghauser. The judges were left with what had been revealed as a machination of Krauss; and Burghauser soon received a communication from the Minister of Education and Culture, Kurt von Schuschnigg, stating that since the accusations had turned out to be unsubstantiated there was no reason to continue the investigation. The immediate consequence was Burghauser's return to his post and his activities; but the following year, when Schuschnigg, now Chancellor after Dolfuss's assassination in the summer of 1934, encountered Burghauser in the Philharmonic's guest box, he told him that, having been enlightened by the intrigue of the preceeding year, he would be accessible for any future appeal from Burghauser for assistance. And it was in fact only with this assistance from Schuschnigg that the artistic successes with Toscanini in the next few years were achieved. As it happened, at the time Schuschnigg gave Burghauser his reassurance the sequence of events that would eventually require his intervention had already begun. As Burghauser had related it to me in 1966 for *The Toscanini Musicians Knew*, the European crisis set off by the Dollfuss assassination in the summer of 1934 caused a flight of foreigners from Salzburg that left it as desolate as if an earthquake had struck it; but Toscanini fulfilled his promise and arrived in mid-August to conduct his two programmes of the preceding October. This led the Austrian government to ask him, through Burghauser, if he would conduct Verdi's *Requiem* for Dollfuss in Vienna in the fall—to which Toscanini replied that he would. And it led the directors of the Salzburg Festival to ask him if he would conduct opera the following summer—to which his reply was that he would conduct *Fidelio* if they agreed to his also conducting *Falstaff*. This would require the participation of singers from La Scala, including Mariano Stabile in the title role, who would sing in Italian, as had never before been done in Salzburg, even in the Mozart operas with Italian texts. (Burghauser saw a political gesture in Toscanini's insistence on a performance of *Falstaff* in Italian in this German

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town only three miles from the border of Nazi Germany; and perhaps it was that too; but I think it is important to point out the artistic reason, reinforced by strong personal feeling, that I am certain would have made him insist on *Falstaff* even if there had been a democratic Germany three miles from Salzburg. It was his determination that a great Italian composer must be accorded the same esteem as a great German; and I am certain because it was what he said to the NBC Symphony when they rehearsed music by Verdi which he suspected them of not respecting sufficiently: "Is not important only to play Wagner; is important also to play Verdi; and if you do not understand this, is worse for you!")

The Salzburg directors did accept *Falstaff*; whereupon Krauss, early in the fall of 1934, announced a production of *Falstaff* at the State Opera that season, to be conducted by him. It was entirely legitimate for him to do so; but it was customary for new productions in Vienna to be transferred to Salzburg; and so Krauss was announcing, in effect, that he, not Toscanini, would conduct *Falstaff* in Salzburg the following summer. Toscanini, asked whether he would be willing to conduct another opera in place of *Falstaff* with *Fidelio*, answered: "No *Falstaff*, no Toscanini": and the administration of the State Opera did nothing further, hoping that something would turn up and remove the difficulty before the summer.

IN ADDITION to this time bomb set for the following summer there was the trouble Krauss was literally in a position to make immediately for the Toscanini performance of Verdi's *Requiem*. It was to take place not in the Musikvereinsaal, where the Vienna Philharmonic rehearsed and gave its concerts, and where Burghauser, as its elected chairman, exercised a chief executive's powers in everything connected with the orchestra's operation; instead it was to take place in the State Opera, where Krauss, in his position of Musical Director, exercised those chief executive's powers over the Opera's personnel in its activity there, including the members of the Vienna Philharmonic when they played there as members of the orchestra of the State Opera, and including Burghauser, who was there, only a bassoonist in that orchestra. This made it possible for Krauss to achieve his objective of depriving Toscanini of Burghauser's guidance and assistance by ordering Burghauser, when he was in the opera house in connection with the *Requiem*, to remain with the orchestra and have no contact with Toscanini. On the day of the first orchestral rehearsal, therefore, Burghauser sat with the waiting orchestra while Toscanini walked alone from the Hotel Bristol across the street to the stage entrance of the State Opera, where the man at the door asked him what he wanted and—being told "*Ho una prova*"—answered: "No stranger may enter here!" So Toscanini returned to the hotel while the orchestra waited in the opera house. After a time a search party was sent out and found Toscanini in a fury in his hotel suite, where he now refused to rehearse in the Opera. The rehearsals were therefore transferred to the Musikvereinsaal, where Burghauser could expect to be able to protect Toscanini from further machinations of Krauss.

But at the first piano rehearsal with the solo soprano the co-repetiteur from the State Opera who should have been there to play the piano failed to appear—because, he explained later, he had not been notified of the rehearsal. So Toscanini sat down at the piano, put his pince-nez on his nose, and began to play for the soprano. When at one point he stopped and asked her to sing a phrase in one breath, instead of breaking it to take breath, she answered that she was accustomed to breaking it and showed him her score in which Bruno Walter had marked the break—at which Toscanini, still quiet, told her she would have to sing it as he asked. There were a few more such exchanges, increasing the danger of a storm; and then Toscanini's pince-nez fell off his nose to the floor. Before Burghauser could get there Toscanini was on the floor groping for the pince-nez, which he found; and sitting down again he put it back on his nose, only to discover that he couldn't see the music because the lenses had fallen out. In exasperation and fury he jumped up with a stamp of his feet; and at the terrible sound of the lenses being crushed the soprano burst into tears and fled from the room. It took more than a month to find another suitable soprano who was willing to sing as Toscanini wished; and the performance of the *Requiem* didn't take place until 1 November.

The last choral rehearsal for the *Requiem* had been held in a rehearsal room at the State Opera; and to get to it Toscanini had had to pass through the auditorium, where the stage rehearsal of the first scene of the last act of *Falstaff* was in progress. Inevitably Toscanini stopped to listen and to look through his pince-nez at the stage, where he saw not what he should have seen—Falstaff sitting outside the inn, drying and warming himself in the sun—but Falstaff in his room, in bed under a mass of bedclothes. Outraged, Toscanini warned Burghauser that if this set appeared in Salzburg he would walk out of the theatre; and Burghauser, after reassuring him, impressed on the administration of the State Opera the necessity of having the correct outdoor set for Toscanini the following summer. Nothing further happened until that summer was almost at hand, and with it the still un-

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removed difficulty created by Krauss's intention to conduct in Salzburg the *Falstaff* that Toscanini was scheduled to conduct. Since the administration would do nothing, Burghauser appealed to Schuschnigg, who decided that the agreement between the administration and Toscanini would be fulfilled and Toscanini would conduct *Falstaff* in Salzburg (which caused Krauss not only to withdraw from the Festival but to resign from the State Opera, where he was succeeded in the fall of 1935 by Weingartner). But there were further difficulties even after that. At the first orchestral rehearsal of *Falstaff* in Salzburg Burghauser found a young, inexperienced substitute in the chair of the first oboe, who was "ill"; and his inadequate playing caused Toscanini to walk out. Luckily the missing first oboe was located and was in his chair at the next rehearsal, when the curtain rose for the first scene of the third act to reveal the bedroom set, and Toscanini, infuriated, rushed out of the theatre. Miraculously a correct outdoor set was produced overnight; and that was the last of the difficulties despite which *Falstaff*, said Burghauser, "was done—and of course done beautifully."

ARTURO TOSCANINI *(Enrico Caruso)*

THAT WAS ALL HE SAID about it in 1966; but in 1971 he recalled that first performance in 1935 as "an enormous event", not only because of the work itself, which had never before been heard in Salzburg, and the conductor, who was so closely associated with it, but because of the ensemble of singers from La Scala with its central member, Stabile, the great Falstaff of the Toscanini revival ever since its beginning in the '20s. The musical performance impelled the 70-year-old Weingartner, after the first act, to leap into the orchestra pit and exclaim: "Children, such perfection I have never experienced or dreamed of!" Burghauser had never witnessed such an expression of enthusiasm by anyone else "as great and as convinced of his own importance"; and what made it moving as well as surprising was the fact that it was genuine, that Weingartner really was overwhelmed.

Before *Falstaff* there had been the production of *Fidelio* conducted by Toscanini, which had required less time and effort because the soloists, chorus and orchestra had been performing the work for years under Strauss and Schalk. One orchestral rehearsal, a rehearsal of the singers with piano and the final *Generalprobe* were all Toscanini needed to be completely satisfied. This stage performance, said Burghauser, was quite different from Toscanini's later concert performance with the NBC Symphony; and he thought the reason was that Toscanini was visibly moved even by the spoken dialogue, and this response to the drama affected his tempos. In addition, pointing out how an orchestra acquired in its years of playing a kind of will power that it wasn't conscious of, Burghauser claimed to have heard, in much of the Salzburg performance, evidence of this will power having influenced Toscanini to accept from the orchestra its conviction of how to play. I couldn't dispute what Burghauser said; but I found it impossible to imagine Toscanini's will not winning out over the orchestra's in the situation; and as it happened Burghauser related an incident which demonstrated Toscanini's practice when an orchestra's will differed from his. When he began to conduct the Prisoner's Chorus in the first act in his flowing tempo, all faces, said Burghauser, turned toward him in mute protest, impelled by the conviction acquired in years of playing this music that it should be *andächtig*, prayer-like, in an *andante* tempo; whereupon Toscanini, realising they were used to playing it slowly, said (probably pointing to the score): "*Ma signori, è Allegretto vivace e alla breve*"; "and after that, of course", said Burghauser, "we obeyed him."

In the discussion of repertory for the following summer Toscanini proposed that he conduct a production of *Die Meistersinger*. This gave Walter an opportunity to oppose Toscanini in *his* manner—with seemingly reasonable objections: the Festspielhaus stage that was too small for the movement of the opera's large choral groups; the work's enormous length; above all

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its heavy style that made it unsuitable for the Festival. "But my dear Walter", said Toscanini with a smile, "two years ago you conducted *Tristan und Isolde* here. Was that more suitable for the Festival than *Die Meistersinger*, which is a comedy?" There was nothing Walter could say to this; and *Die Meistersinger* was accepted.

NO DIFFICULTIES AROSE AFTER THAT either in Salzburg or in Vienna, when Toscanini conducted concerts there early in the fall. But by then Weingartner had taken over as Director of the State Opera; and at a meeting with Burghauser and the Vienna Philharmonic committee he said that as he was in sole command at the Opera, so he would be sole conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, and there was no longer any need of the guest conductors who may have been necessary until then. Burghauser pointed out that they had, as always, announced the guest conductors—Walter, Weingartner himself, Knappertsbusch, Coates, Rodzinski, and (for the Nikolai concert) Furtwängler—a year in advance; and not only was it undesirable, for practical reasons, to cancel any of these eminent and popular men, but Burghauser didn't see how this could be done. Weingartner—preserving, as always, the calm affability of his manner that contrasted with what was in his mind, which could be, said Burghauser, "wildly egotistic"—replied that he left it to Burghauser's proved diplomatic skill to convince the conductors that they were not needed. And when Burghauser said again that what Weingartner demanded was, from the Philharmonic's point of view, neither desirable nor possible, and that he would not comply with it, Weingartner's affable reply was that he would give them time to think it over.

Here Burghauser mentioned that Weingartner's long career had been filled with acrimonious disputes and law suits which, being an extremely effective writer, he had won in his newspaper articles but lost in court. When, therefore, Weingartner was informed the next day that the Philharmonic was adamant in its stand, he called a news conference at which he declared that his artistic objectives were being obstructed by Burghauser, and therefore Burghauser must resign or he (Weingartner) would. The evening papers were filled with the controversy; and Weingartner was confident of victory. In order to remove himself as a cause of dissension Burghauser resigned; and a special meeting of the Philharmonic was held for the election of a new chairman, at which Burghauser, to the public's surprise, received 95% of the votes. It then turned out that Weingartner's threatened

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resignation had been related only to the Philharmonic; he withdrew from its concerts, but continued as Director of the State Opera, and tried to get the government to bring pressure on the orchestra.

Burghauser had perceived that Weingartner's demand that the Philharmonic dispense with guest conductors was his strategy for eliminating Toscanini. And when he now warned Weingartner of the danger that he might lose his post if he persisted, it was because he could foresee what the reaction of the administration would be when he explained that if Weingartner's demand was granted there would be no Toscanini in Vienna and in Salzburg—for as Director of the State Opera Weingartner had a say about what was done there, and had already objected to the following summer's programme. But Weingartner could not believe in the possibility of what Burghauser warned him of, which did in fact happen: at the end of the season the administration of the state theatres paid him the full salary of the remaining four years of his contract to obtain his resignation. Burghauser considered this tragic; for Weingartner conducted until his departure with full command of his great powers. But no one had been able to suggest any other solution.

Bruno Walter was appointed Weingartner's successor, with the title of Artistic Adviser to Dr Kerber, the Administrative Director, but actually with the duties and powers of Director: he would be chief conductor and have the deciding voice in repertory and casting. And his first season began, in the fall of 1936, with a gesture of good will by Toscanini, who conducted a few performances of the Salzburg *Fidelio* at the State Opera.

IN SALZBURG THAT summer Toscanini conducted the new *Meistersinger*. Burghauser cited his performances of this work in Turin and La Scala in the 1890s as evidence of his love for it, and characterised his command of it as unbelievable. After the second act Toscanini himself, in his dressing room, was moved as Burghauser had never seen him before, muttering "*E com' un sogno*. It's like a dream." (In 1966 Burghauser had said of this second act that it "was an entirely new experience for me. In sound and dynamics, in clarity, in expression—this was the ultimate.") At the last rehearsal before the final *Generalprobe* there had been an incident that had made a deep impression. In the course of a scene with all the *Meistersinger* and the chorus on stage Toscanini had suddenly stopped, though no one had heard anything wrong; and when there was absolute silence he had said in Italian: "People say Toscanini is a genius. No, no! I am not a genius." And pointing to the singers on the stage, "I am such a *Meistersinger*."

For the following summer he chose to conduct *The Magic Flute*. And he also revealed a plan for a new theatre to replace the Festspielhaus, whose stage was too small and whose backstage facilities were apallingly inadequate. (Two or even three principal singers had to share a small dressing room which in August was unbearably hot; and there was nothing at all for the orchestra.) Toscanini offered to head a drive in Europe and America for the necessary money; his proposal was accepted by the Salzburg authorities and, in Vienna later, by the Chancellor; and at the end of the last performance of *The Magic Flute* the following summer workmen stood waiting to begin the demolition of the old theatre.

For this *Magic Flute* in the summer of 1937 Toscanini's chief concern in casting was the soprano for the Queen of Night: she had to be able to sing up to high F; and he wanted a steely power which he said required the fresh vocal chords of a young singer. And he had found exactly the singer he wanted in a girl of 20 in Budapest, Julie Osvath, who had sung more in operetta than in opera. At rehearsals in Salzburg all the other singers were amazed by the extraordinary power of her voice and her accurate intonation. But at the first performance, which was broadcast, she had finished the slow opening section of her first-act aria and was beginning the fast coloratura section, when suddenly she went haywire. As Burghauser told it, Toscanini panicked and stopped conducting; but the experienced orchestra went on playing, as it always did in such a situation; and after several bars order was restored. Again I refrained from telling Burghauser that "I was there" that night; and what I saw and heard happen was that when suddenly Osvath began to lag behind the orchestra in a long coloratura phrase, Toscanini (who after all was as experienced as the orchestra) kept going until the end of the phrase, where he stopped to wait for her to reach that point, and then resumed conducting in her slower tempo, amazing me with the way he stayed with her, and led the orchestra, in every change of her erratic course. At the end of the act Burghauser rushed to her dressing room to find out what had happened; and she told him that at the beginning of the coloratura section she had thought of her family in Hungary gathered around the radio listening to her—which had made her so nervous that she had lost control.

There was considerable objection that Toscanini's tempos in *The Magic Flute* were too fast. But he had said at the beginning that he had found the work as it was performed in Germany and Austria utterly boring, and was going to

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make it what he thought Mozart had intended it to be—entertaining and amusing; which meant faster tempos than the traditional German ones. Actually, said Burghauser, they were the same as Strauss's tempos; and in 1966 he had characterised the Toscanini performance as delightful.

At Jarmila Novotna's first piano rehearsal with Toscanini, said Burghauser, the pianist failed to appear; and before Toscanini could go to the piano himself Bruno Walter, who was present, volunteered to play. The introductory chords of "*Ach, ich fühl's*" enabled him to set his exceedingly slow tempo, in which Novotna had to continue when she began to sing. Toscanini paced back and forth impatiently, and after a few moments interrupted, exclaiming, "*Ma, caro Walter*: is *Andante*, and you play *adagio*!" Walter, embarrassed by the presence of Novotna and Burghauser, said: "My dear Maestro, you know I am always in agreement with you; but in this case I differ with you and think my tempo is correct." To which Toscanini answered heatedly: "And I, my dear Walter, am never in agreement with you!"[6]

[6] Years later Toscanini, talking once about the tempo of this aria, clasped his hands as he acted Pamina's agitation, and exclaimed: "Pamina say, 'I lose my Tamino! Where my Tamino?!' Must be *andante*, but is always *adagio*!"

IT WAS NOT UNTIL he arrived in Salzburg at the beginning of the summer of 1937 that Burghauser discovered in the schedule of the Festival the listing of the performance of Beethoven's Ninth that would be conducted by Furtwängler on 27 August. Inquiring about it, he learned that Furtwängler had presented to Dr Kerber, the Administrative Director, his claim as a German musician to participation in a festival on German soil, suggesting specifically that he conduct in 1938 a German opera, *Der Freischütz*. Kerber—taking into account, on the one hand, the need of not angering Toscanini, and on the other hand the strongly pro-Nazi native population of Salzburg—had replied that the matter of conducting opera would have to be decided by Toscanini, but that it was within the administration's power to include Furtwängler among the guests who were to conduct orchestral concerts that summer. With the matter of opera to be taken up with Toscanini later, Furtwängler had accepted the offer of 27 August for a performance of the Ninth with which he could count on overwhelming the public, as always.

Burghauser knew that Furtwängler had previously declined every invitation to conduct in Salzburg—the recent ones on the ground that with his duties in Bayreuth it was impossible for him to take on additional tasks in Salzburg. And

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his own previous experience with Furtwängler enabled Burghauser to understand why he now not only found it possible to take on the additional task but wanted it enough to think up a claim to it as his right. He was, said Burghauser, benevolent towards lesser conductors who were not competitors, but not toward eminent colleagues whom he regarded as rivals, and above all not toward the Italian who had eclipsed him in New York in 1926, and, worse still, again in 1933 in Vienna, where he had thought himself irreplaceable when he had broken his agreement in 1929. Not only that, but Salzburg, whose invitations he had declined, had become, as a result of Toscanini's activity, a centre of the international prestige and publicity that Furtwängler craved. One reason, then, for his desire now to participate in Salzburg was the fact that it was where the action was and where Toscanini was. But Burghauser perceived an additional reason. The Salzburg Festival asserted, at Nazi Germany's very border, the cultural policies of the free world which opposed those of Nazi Germany; and so participation in that Festival by Furtwängler while he retained his dominant position in the Third Reich's musical life would validate his claim that his continued activity there was not that of an adherent of Nazism, but strictly that of a musician—one who actually opposed Nazi political doctrines and cultural policies. In this Burghauser saw not merely a desire to have the benefits of both Nazi and free worlds, but the "gluttonous" hunger for all possible power that Furtwängler had revealed in the years Burghauser had known him.

WILHELM FURTWÄNGLER
(Harold Isenstein, 1942)

I have seen a photograph of Furtwängler in the Festspielhaus with Toscanini conducting *Die Meistersinger*; and Burghauser said he attended one of Toscanini's rehearsals of Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration*.[7] These were occasions well in advance of Furtwängler's concert on 27 August; and he could have arranged to see Toscanini on one of his free days in that period. Instead he decided to speak to him in his dressing room in the intermission of his performance of *Fidelio* on 26 August. He first approached Herbert Graf, the stage director of the production, who pleaded duties on the stage and hurried away; whereupon Furtwängler, seeing Burghauser, requested that *he* take him to Toscanini's dressing room. Appalled, Burghauser tried to dissuade him by describing the scene in the dressing room: Toscanini on a chair, stripped to the waist, the sweat running down his body, his wife drying him and spraying him with eau de cologne while he fanned himself and perhaps refreshed himself with a few grapes. A sensitive person would have recognised that this was a time to leave Toscanini undisturbed; but Furtwängler insisted; and Burghauser finally had to give in. At his pre-arranged knock Signora Toscanini opened the door slightly, and seeing him opened it wider; whereupon Furtwängler pushed past her into the room and stood towering over Toscanini, who peered up at him, not recognising him.

"I wish to speak to you about my future participation in Salzburg", said Furtwängler.

Toscanini, though still dazed, managed to answer: "We speak tomorrow—after Ninth Symphony"; and Furtwängler left.

What Burghauser told me about this first confrontation he had himself seen and heard. Concerning the second one, the next day at Toscanini's villa, Burghauser, who was not present, told me what Signora Toscanini, who *was* present, reported to him immediately afterward.

"I wish to ask if you have any objection to my conducting *Der Freischütz* in Salzburg next year", said Furtwängler.

"You may do whatever you want", Toscanini

[7] Furtwängler's comment after the rehearsal, said Burghauser with a smile, was "*Es hat nicht gekracht* [It didn't thunder]"; and the smile was understandable to anyone who knew Toscanini's performance of the piece. Alan Schulman of the NBC Symphony described what happened at the end of the slow introduction: "He sustained the long chord while his eyes flashed from left to right so that he had complete communication with every member of the orchestra; and when we went into the boom! of the *agitato* half the audience jumped out of their seats from the impact."

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replied. "But I will not be here"; which ended the conversation.

THIS WAS ALL THAT Signora Toscanini reported to Burghauser as having happened; and nothing was added to it subsequently by Toscanini, who was silent, or by his son and daughter, who hadn't been present at the meeting. One must concede the possibility that more was said which Toscanini didn't translate to his wife after Furtwängler left; but since, according to Burghauser, he customarily spoke "laconically" and to the point, one can assume he translated for her what for him was the essential point in the matter: whereas in 1936, when he had resigned from the New York Philharmonic, he had considered it his duty to recommend Furtwängler as his successor, now he did not consider himself obligated to conduct opera in Salzburg in association with the man who conducted it in Bayreuth.

Unfortunately, since Toscanini himself maintained silence, and Burghauser therefore felt unable to reveal what Signora Toscanini had told him, the public didn't receive even that little authentic information about the Furtwängler-Toscanini exchange. What it got instead was a version of it as altered in its passage through the mind of Furtwängler, who was voluble on the subject, and is the source of everything said and written about it since 1937. As Lucianna Frassati tells it in her book *Il Maestro*, it was to her that Furtwängler came immediately after the meeting and gave his much-quoted version of the exchange:

> TOSCANINI: One cannot conduct in a country where dictatorship reigns and in a free country at the same time.
> FURTWÄNGLER: There is always freedom where Beethoven's music resounds.[8]

And a letter to her a few days later included the following by now familiar statements:

> Neither Toscanini nor his circle . . . has any idea of my will or of my existence, whether as an artist or as a man. I feel no rancour toward Toscanini. . . . This notwithstanding that his attitude toward me is fundamentally mistaken. And I must remain apart from it! I don't want to descend like this to the bottom of the ladder, nor to be forced to fight with his weapons, let alone those of his *entourage*.

Burghauser, in the course of our talks, alluded on one occasion to Furtwängler's cloudy thinking and imprecise language, and on another to his self-comforting paranoid explanations of any setback—that he was not understood, and was the object of intrigue and conspiracy. And those comments describe the Furtwängler statements I have quoted—to begin with, the ones about Toscanini and his circle not understanding him as an artist or as a man, and Toscanini and his *entourage* employing against him the kind of weapons he would not let himself be forced to use. The Salzburg confrontation didn't involve anyone in the Toscanini circle or *entourage*, but only Toscanini himself, who acted on the basis of his own objectively arrived at and accurate perception of Furtwängler as a conductor who couldn't get the horns to play the two notes of the opening fifth of Beethoven's Ninth precisely together, as a musician who distorted and falsified that work with his undisciplined extravagances of tempo and dynamics, and as a man who—to borrow the words of the *New York Times* correspondent who reported Furtwängler's de-Nazification trial—"so [overlooked] moral values and fixed principles that he was . . . willing to make maximum use of a régime which he alleged was obnoxious to him", and who made the fatuous claim that his performing Beethoven's music in Hitler Germany preserved freedom there. And Toscanini had engaged in

[8] Frassati writes: "Not a single less than respectful statement [concerning Toscanini] came from [Furtwängler's] mouth even in relating to me the words exchanged before the final leave-taking"; but the conductor Hans Schwieger reports Furtwängler, in Berlin in 1953, dismissing Toscanini as fit only to conduct a military band, saying, "I begin to make music where this man stops."

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no tactical skirmishes against him and employed no weapons, high or low: he had done nothing at all until Furtwängler asked his question, and then he answered that question. It was an answer that referred solely to the specifics of the Salzburg situation; but Furtwängler, reporting it to Frassati, converted it into a generalisation that was not what Toscanini said or meant. Toscanini did not generalise that "one" might not conduct in a country governed by a dictatorship and also in a free country: he had himself conducted in Fascist Italy and also in the free world. He said only that Furtwängler, who conducted opera in Bayreuth, might, if he wished, conduct it also in Salzburg, but not in Toscanini's company. And the reason for this was the difference he saw between his own conducting in Fascist Italy and Furtwängler's conducting in Nazi Germany.

TOSCANINI CONDUCTED IN ITALY as if the Fascist régime didn't exist—with increasing annoyance and anger in the régime, until in the end he was physically attacked by its thugs when he refused to play the Fascist Hymn at a concert in Bologna. Furtwängler claimed to have acted in the same way; but his claim was false. I have a clipping with a quotation of a passage in a letter of Alban Berg's written in May 1933, in which Berg characterises Furtwängler's address at a Brahms festival as "a Nazi-inspired speech which made me very depressed all day." I have a photo-copy of the programme of the inaugural proceedings of the *Reichskulturkammer* on 15 November 1933, at which Goebels delivered a pronouncement on "German Culture before a New Beginning", and which opened with Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in a performance of Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture. His devoted secretary, Berta Geissmar, writes bitterly in her book *Dictator and Jackboot* (*Two Worlds of Music* in the USA) about Goebbels's lack of gratitude for the success as political-cultural propaganda of the tour by Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic in Italy in April 1934, which she arranged on condition that he be received in audience by Mussolini, who gave him an Italian decoration. This was before his resignation—not an anti-Nazi protest, as he claimed, but a power play and test of strength that he expected to win, but lost. Geissmar writes also about the concert in April 1935, after his capitulation to Goebbels—an official function, a *Winterhilfe* concert attended by Hitler and the government, at which occurred the famous cordial handshake of Hitler and Furtwängler that Geissmar rightly calls a "symbolic gesture." And Robert Hupka, co-author of the book *This Was Toscanini*, has told me of having turned on the radio in 1937 for a Furtwängler performance of Beethoven's Ninth from Paris, and having turned it off when Furtwängler, after conducting *Deutschland über Alles*, began to conduct the *Horst Wessel Song*.

The fitting conclusion to all this is Burghauser's statement pointing out how Furtwängler revealed that his interest had been not in Salzburg's Festival but in Toscanini and the international public Toscanini attracted: at the Festival in 1938—with Toscanini and the international public absent—he conducted only *Die Meistersinger*, and in 1939 only one concert.

The urge

The urge to study the history of a place,
the customs of the inhabitants and what is called
the civilisation of the area
does not answer your questions. There are words
that I have to break into pieces to give them a new meaning
one more precise, deeper than in the common language.
I read ciphers etched on fragments in caves, on gravestones,
on broken tablets, and live out the time in disguise
between epoch and epoch; this challenge to walk
the basalt breadth of my country,
to record the cracks in its stippled body,
allergic to earthquakes. When digging into the dark layers
of memory you bring back divergent circles
to their centre.

David Rokeah

translated by Ruth and Matthew Mead

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TELEVISION

Jesus on the Small Screen

Theology in Technicolour—By HYAM MACCOBY

THE ANGLO-ITALIAN television epic *Jesus of Nazareth* played in Britain this spring to an audience of 21,000,000 viewers, and most of the customers were evidently satisfied, despite the half-admiring jeers of the critics, who seemed to be somewhat overwhelmed by the theological-technicolour scale of the enterprise, exhibited on two successive Sunday-night instalments of three hours each. No expense was spared; Franco Zeffirelli directed in North Africa, Anthony Burgess wrote the script (or at least the English version), and bit parts were played by Laurence Olivier, Peter Ustinov, Ralph Richardson, Anthony Quinn, and Rod Steiger. Could one really ask for more? Certain other questions, however, present themselves.

What can we learn about the state of Christian belief from the fact that this massive audience sat through six hours of *Jesus of Nazareth*, facing its traditional Christian piety without complaint, and even with pleasure and gratitude? Is this the sort of Life of Jesus that ought to be presented at a time when our knowledge of the historical Jesus has, since the pioneer work of Ernest Renan and Albert Schweitzer been so revolutionised? In view of the panel of multi-faith experts which was assembled to advise on the film (including representatives of Judaism and Islam), can we take this to be the definitive ecumenical Jesus—or is such a thing a delusion?[1]

What conclusions can we draw from the fact that the onlie begetter of this Christian enterprise was a Jew, Lew Grade (recently elevated to the House of Lords)? Is this a triumph of "Inter-faith Understanding", or merely one more episode in an ancient commercial tradition (traceable back even to the days of the Talmud, which contains a reproof of certain Jews for making their living by selling statues of the gods to idol-worshippers)?

A NOTE STRUCK BY some of the London critics was that this was a "film for all seasons"—too many people had to be pleased. For the simple believers, there was the Christmas story in all its naivety, with miracles, a Virgin Birth, Three Wise Men following a star, and the Resurrection on the third day.[2] For those liable to be offended, such as Jews, there were various sops, such as

[1] But nothing, it seems, is good enough for General Motors. Having paid several million dollars for the US rights to *Jesus of Nazareth*, it announced shortly before the NBC showings that it had withdrawn from sponsorship. According to the *Daily Telegraph* (17 March),

> Top management felt the subject was too sensitive. "There are so many faiths in our country", explained Mr George Pruette, manager of advertising for General Motors. . . . He denied the decision followed attacks on the production by fundamentalist Baptists and other evangelical religious groups in the American "Bible Belt." Such groups have denounced the film as "wicked" and a "blasphemy" and have urged a boycott of General Motor's products. . . .

[2] For all his intellectual sophistication, Anthony Burgess could write (*The Observer*, 10 April, reviewing Michael Grant's new book on Jesus):

> . . . That millions of people have accepted Christ's rising from the tomb on the third day after a barbarous and obscene death whose horror few Christians have really allowed themselves to face (the television film will make them face it, unless they piously switch off), is again an historical truth. Verifiability is not the point here. The scientific approach is only one of many, and it is up to the sceptic to demonstrate that Christ could not possibly have arisen, not for the believer to show how he could.

Yet he could not quite manage to control his own irrepressible sceptical bent. Writing on what he calls his "Telejesus" (and what the *New York Times* headlined as "the Gospel according to Anthony Burgess"), he confessed that "the more I read Matthew, Mark and Luke the more I became dissatisfied with their telling of the story. They're good propagandists but bad historians. . . ." As for "the highly romantic fable by St John", this was "the least reliable" of all. Still, he had to make his compromises, since Zeffirelli, "being a romantic, was naturally drawn to John . . ." (*Daily Telegraph*, 4 April).

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the omission of the scene in which the massed Jewish people are traditionally supposed to have said, "His blood be on us, and on our children. . . ." (Matthew 27:25). There was realism for the realists, and romanticism for the romantics. As Dennis Potter put it, in the most interesting of the critiques (*Sunday Times*, 10 April):

> Dialogue scanned by various religious bodies. Dialogue that had to be both "faithful" enough and bland enough to take up peak time commercial television in Britain, America, and the rest of the world. What is the point of making a Jesus film if it does not provoke howls of rage as well as startled genuflections? If it does not threaten, disturb, agitate?

Good questions, but Potter did not go on to consider whether the "howls of rage"—the threats, disturbances and agitations, as Western history has known them for the last twenty centuries—are of a kind that can be tolerated or approved by the modern civilised mind. What we were given was something watered down, certainly; something smoothed, prettified, and denatured. But is the alternative as salutary as Potter thinks? And if not, is this committee-produced film the best that could have been expected? Does it represent some modified interpretative version of the Christian myth which deserves to be considered seriously?

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW many of the London critics were quite right to be angry. All the compromises which had gone into it—compromises between mass taste and specialist interests—resulted in a mish-mash without much consistency and with little unity.

The much-vaunted "authenticity" was largely a sham. The Old Testament background, with its Arab head-dresses, its anachronistic prayer-shawls, *etc.*, was about as inauthentic as it could get, being a mixture of "Oriental" mumbo-jumbo and medieval Jewishness displaced by about 1,500 years from its true setting. The Jews in Jesus's time did not wear Arab head-dress; they were bare-headed and wore Graeco-Roman attire. Nor did they live in a land consisting mainly of desert; Galilee was famed for its fertility. Some of the Biblical characters in the film spoke in a Jewish accent so redolent of Yiddish and its wry shoulder-shrugging resignation to persecution that they seemed as out of place in first-century Palestine as *borscht*-circuit comics. Jewish characters were even depicted singing Hassidic melodies from 18th-century Poland! But this amalgamation of the story of Jesus with *Fiddler on the Roof* was no doubt felt to be justified because it communicated the odd, if undeniable, fact that

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Jesus was a Jew—and so ignorant and unthinking are the general public in these matters that many people (including some of the critics) found this something of an ethnic surprise. As Chris Dunkley wrote (*Financial Times*, 4 April),

> [Zeffirelli] has made Jesus's background unmistakably Jewish, a factor which is oddly ignored in so many Bible films.

Progress! The next step may be to find out what being "unmistakably Jewish" really meant in Jesus's own time.

If this were ever done, the first effect would be to narrow the gap between Jesus Christ and his fellow-Jews. In this film, the "Christ" (*i.e.* Messiah) is an awesome Visitor from Outer Space, who delivers to the backward Jews great new moral truths, such as that repentant sinners should be highly valued. It if were realised that these putative revelations were in fact the normal ethical teaching of Jesus's day, it would no longer be necessary to portray Jesus as an eerie, spooky superman with Midwich-cuckoo eyes, but rather as an apocalyptic Jewish teacher and Messiah-figure of a recognisable type. In the film, the old misrepresentations of Judaism are made, together with some fairly recent additions derived from 19th-century German theological scholarship—for example, the idea that tax-collectors were allotted a special kind of ritual impurity (a mistake stemming from a misreading of a passage in the *Tosefta*, and bandied from tome to tome until it has reached the status of a truism).[3] The idea that Jesus's claim to be the Messiah would have aroused horror and accusations of "blasphemy" is repeated uncritically—as if there were not Messiah-claimants dotted throughout Jewish history, none of whom were ever accused of blasphemy (and indeed as if it were not the case that every Jewish mother to this day hopes that her son will be the Messiah, without the faintest notion that there is anything blasphemous in such an ambition).

SO ANY ELEMENTS OF PROGRESS discernible in the film do not lie in the direction of an improved understanding of the Judaism of Jesus's day. In this area, the discoveries of Christian scholars such as George Foot Moore, Travers Herford, and the Rev. James Parkes were more or less ignored. Nevertheless, the film does represent a step forward; and an understanding of the exact nature of this step will reveal the kind of importance which Zeffirelli's film possesses, banal and muddled as it mostly is.

The progress achieved is, I suggest, a diminution of the dualism of the Gospel story. The enemies of Jesus are portrayed as dim-witted ordinary people, who are, on the whole, well-meaning. The effect, therefore, is rather like that achieved in Shaw's *Saint Joan*, in which there are no villains, only limited, ordinary people whose encounter with a genius inevitably produces tragedy. This interpretation of the story of Jesus is best reflected in the new conception of the character of Judas Iscariot, apparently the chief contribution of Anthony Burgess to the script as it eventually emerged. Judas is always a good indicator; for, by conscious or unconscious design, he functions as the eponymous representative of the Jewish people in the story.[4] Here Judas means all for the best; no mercenary traitor, he tries to bring Jesus and the Sanhedrin together, so that they will recognise his extraordinary spiritual qualities and elect him King of the Jews. The role of the scheming scoundrel is not altogether eliminated, however; it is only displaced, partly on to Zerah, an invented character who dupes Judas into acting as traitor—which shows how hard it is to dislodge plain old-fashioned villainy from the silver screen (though even Zerah is given some kind of a rationale).

Judas Iscariot's "reward"—the proverbially notorious 30 pieces of silver—comes as something unexpected, and is tossed at Judas in a surprising and cynical gesture. This is a rather subtle delineation of character which was possibly not lost on some of the TV-viewing millions; but it would be naïve to believe that it is likely to change the verbal habits of a 2,000-year-old *idée fixe*. In London, as I write, a local trade union of printers

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[3] See *Tosefta*, Tohorot, 8: 5, and *Mishnah*, Tohorot, 7: 6. Another much-repeated error endorsed by the film is that a tax-collector was not accepted, if he tried to repent. The *Tosefta* (*B.M.* 8. 26) gives advice to repentant tax-collectors about how to proceed if they cannot find their victims to make restitution. The "tax-collectors" referred to were really tax-farmers, who extorted by gangster methods as much as they could over and above the face-value of the taxes.

[4] *Nomen est omen* here, as Arland Ussher once pointed out in his book on *The Magic People* (1950), calling attention to the nomenclatural homophone (Jew=Judah), and wondering whether some aspects of history might not have been different if the "traitor" had been Simon or Peter or Bartholomew. As the biographers of the Hitler epoch have attested, the affinity in the German language between "Judas" and, say, the Nazi pogrom cry, "*Juda verrecke!*" was a basic component of anti-Semitic virulence.

But it would seem that Judas was chosen as the name of the traitor (the standard Satanic figure who is believed to have betrayed most good gods) precisely because his name was that of the Jewish people—they were called "*Judaioi*" in Greek—and is derived from the name Judah which in Greek is Judas.

In point of fact, there is some evidence among recently-found Biblical fragments that there was, in the beginning, when *all twelve* are said to have mourned his death, no traitor among the disciples in the Jesus story. "Betrayal from within" was a later mythopoeic addition.

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has objected to the negotiated sale of an evening newspaper, and the protestors (according to *The Times* and the *Daily Mail* of 29 April) shouted furiously at the publisher's representative, "Judas, Judas, Judas! . . ."

THE IDEA OF moral, intellectual, spiritual shortsightedness as the main defect of Jesus's enemies is not altogether absent from the Gospels; for Luke (23:36) portrays Jesus as saying on the cross, "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.*" This, however, is an isolated and unrepresentative passage; mostly, in the Gospel myth, the Jews appear to know only too well what they do. Judas himself is portrayed in the Gospels (Matthew 26:14; Mark 14:21; John 13:2) as a figure of sheer evil. No motive is assigned to him, except in a bit of cryptic occultism, "*Then entered Satan into Judas*" (Luke 22:3). In his motiveless malignity, he is akin to Shakespeare's figure of Iago (at least as Coleridge saw him). But it is more relevant, I feel, to mention here Judas's likeness to the primitive evil figures of ancient polytheistic myths, such as Set, Mot and Loki (the pre-ordained, necessary antagonists of the good gods, Osiris, Baal and Baldur, whose deaths they bring about as part of the cyclic combat between Good and Evil).

This is chiefly the role given to the Jews in the traditional Christian myth—the wicked people who killed all their own prophets, and crowned their long perverse career by murdering the Son of God. Yet this role is *necessary*—in Nikos Kazantzakis' novel *Christ Recrucified* (1960), Jesus *begs* to be betrayed so that the drama could move to its climax!—as well as wicked. The Jews are the executioners of the Sacrifice without which mankind cannot be saved; and their role, accordingly, is sacred as well as accursed. This is the principal conception of Jewish guilt in the Gospels; and it is, as we well know, the conception which inspired European anti-Semitism over the centuries. It is, in my view, something worthy of commendation that the film *Jesus of Nazareth* tries to remove the aura of mystical evil from the Jews and to portray them as ordinary, if misguided, people.

There is, of course, nothing new or startling about this turn. The film is an expression of a spiritual mutation in the Christian myth which has been taking place in recent years, especially since Hitler's gas-chamber massacre of the millions awakened the conscience of Christians to the criminal consequences of Christian anti-Jewish teaching in the old ages of faith. The mutation may be spelled out as follows. The Jews in the Gospel story are merely the representatives of sinful, uncomprehending humanity. They are, in fact, the people with whom Christians

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should identify themselves when reading the Gospels: "If we had been there, we would have done exactly the same thing." (There has been a certain amount of hypocritical double-talk in pretending that this has always been the Christian attitude towards the Jews; it is quite a new attitude.) This revisionism should be welcomed as a moral advance. There is no longer such theological determination to shift the blame for sinfulness to someone else (whether to Jesus, as atoning victim, or to the Jews as persecutors). A new radical sense of personal responsibility has arisen.

But it is, I am afraid, only one small step forward. Should one not hope for an advance that would see the Jews as standing for something positive rather than as symbols of everything that is weak, cruel, and stupid in humanity? Shouldn't there begin to be a glimmer of understanding that when Jesus, a Messianic prophet in the Old Testament tradition, died on the Roman cross, he was dying for Jewish values, of which he was a representative? Wasn't it as a Jew that Jesus died, not as an enemy or victim of the Jews? Weren't his mortal enemies the Romans, the kingdom of the sword and the empire of power, against which the Jews had set the Kingdom of God on earth and the messianic era of peace?

BUT WHAT ABOUT the other members of Lord Grade's panel assembled around the ecumenical table? What did the Muslim participant think about the film? How were the Christological differences between Catholicism and Protestantism resolved? And, cutting across these century-old differences, was there a split between fundamentalist and liberal Christianity? A liberal English Catholic, for example, might well find himself siding with a liberal German Protestant against an alliance of right-wing French Catholics and US Bible-belt Baptists, on the question of whether to admit the results of modern New Testament scholarship.

The presence of the Muslim member of the panel can be explained by the fact that Jesus has an important place in the religious scheme of Islam: indeed he ranks with Moses as a great prophet, if only as a precursor of the last and greatest prophet, Muhammad. Most Muslims believe in the authenticity of the apocryphal Gospel of Barnabas, which portrays Jesus as accepting his role as a precursor of Muhammad by prophesying the advent of a greater prophet than himself in later days.[5] Moreover, Muslims hold the view (derived from the Christian heretical sect of Docetism) that Jesus did not actually die on the cross, but that someone was substituted for him, while he was bodily transported to heaven (*Qu'ran* 4:157/6). These views clearly could not be satisfied by the film. On the other hand, there could be nothing positively objectionable to Muslims in the film, since there is no denigration of Islam to be found in the Gospels. This is surely one of the advantages of appearing in history *after* Christianity, instead of before it. Judaism had to be denigrated in the Gospels, or the new religion of Christianity would have had no *raison d'être*. In a similar way, both Judaism and Christianity are demoted by the Koran in order to clear a place for the purer culminating truth of Islam. Perhaps (as I suspect) the concession made to Islam in the film is that no reference was made at all to the doctrine of the Second Coming of Christ. This would have offended Muslim susceptibilities. Islam gives only a subordinate role to Jesus at the final curtain of history.

WHAT OF THE MORE subtle and tenuous differences between the Catholic and the Protestant Jesus? In the matter of the position given to Jesus's mother, Mary, Protestantism tended to lower her status. This was done not only on the ground that her worship had become "idolatrous", but also because by acting as all-forgiving intercessor, she narrowed the role of Jesus Christ to that of the forbidding Judge of the Last Days—a somewhat severe role which dislodged him from being the chief object of love in the Catholic heart. In much the same way Jesus himself had benefited by the splitting of God's attributes of Justice and Mercy between the Father and the Son in early Christianity. Parallel to this dichotomy came the split, in the 13th century, between the Infant Jesus and the Adult Jesus—the Infant sharing his Mother's developing cult, the Adult joining his Father in the administration of Judgment. As a figure of intercession and forgiveness, therefore, Jesus became subordinate as an adjunct of Mary.

In the film, there seemed to me to be rather more of the Catholic than of the Protestant Jesus; understandably enough, with "the faithful Zeffirelli" (in the Pope's Easter Sunday recommendation) as director. Mary is given great prominence. The attitude expressed in Jesus's harsh words "*Who is my mother?*" (Mark 3:33) finds no place in the Burgess-Zeffirelli scenario. The poignant tableau of mourning women after the crucifixion has underlined for students of comparative religion the basic "matriarchal

[5] See *The Gospel of Barnabas* (ed. Lonsdale and Laura Ragg, Oxford, 1907). M. R. James calls the *Gospel of Barnabas* "a forgery of the 15th century at the earliest, written in Italian by a renegade from Christianity to Islam . . ." (*The Apocryphal New Testament*, p. xxvi).

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paganism" of Roman Catholicism; for this tableau evokes the mourning of Mediterranean women for, say, Adonis or Osiris.

The Pope is reported to have been delighted with the film—and this is not surprising since, as I have been saying, its iconography and atmosphere are predominantly Catholic. But there is nothing to which a Protestant could earnestly object. The difference between the Catholic and the Protestant Jesus is nowadays one of mood. The sterner side of Jesus, as moralist and judge, was revived by Martin Luther and John Calvin as a model to be followed by the committed Christian, rather than as an aspect to be feared and evaded. In Catholicism, it is counteracted by an atmosphere of forgiveness and self-forgiveness, supported by the ministrations of the Church, the indulgent Mother. In this film, Jesus is his Mother's son. Protestant endorsements of the film have been somewhat cooler than that of the Vatican loyalists.[6]

AS FOR MODERN SCHOLARSHIP, enlightened intellectual analysis as embodied in a thousand important books and articles of the last two hundred years receives a poor deal. In box-office terms, it was not significant anyway. The "Virgin Birth"—derived, as we know, from Near Eastern and Hellenic pagan myths—is validated by the usual mistranslation of Isaiah.[7] The Three Wise Men and the Adoration of the Shepherds—both derived from the legend of Mithras—are given full weight without a breath of scepticism (as are the equally legendary Massacre of the Innocents and the Descent into Egypt). Some of the miracles are given a psychological twist, but most are presented straight; and the Raising of Lazarus is played for all its eerie pictorial worth.

The film-makers gauged—alas, correctly—that modern scholarship has made little real impact on the general public, who want their Jesus much as he was presented to them in Sunday School. As a correspondent in *The Times* put it, "I found the film both dignified and moving, and my advice to friends would be to see it if they ever get a chance to do so, and not to worry too much about what the 'critics' say. . . ." An important lesson of the "Telejesus" and its aftermath is what small mass-cultural difference has been made so far by 200 years of critical work on the Gospels and the varied historic sources of Western religiosity.

[6] As I write, there seemed to be an echo of old John Knox in the atmosphere as the Church of Scotland issued a statement (from its "Panel on Doctrine") trying to clarify its differences with Roman Catholic teaching on the subject of Mary and Jesus (*The Times,* 10 May):

> "The Roman Catholic Church associates Mary very closely with Christ himself, seeing her as sinless, as our heavenly intercessor and even ascribing to her such titles as 'Queen of Heaven' and 'Mediatrix.'
>
> "There is no doubt that Mary holds a unique place as the mother of Jesus but the Church of Scotland believes that the greater part of Roman Catholic teaching on Mary cannot be justified from the evidence of the New Testament and that it tends to obscure the uniqueness of Christ himself—a tendency which seems very apparent in popular Roman Catholic devotion to Mary."

[7] Isaiah 7: 14. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son" (*Authorised Version*). "A young woman is with child, and she will bear a son" (*New English Bible*).

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Portugal

Lisbon Notebook

By Derwent May

LISBON, TODAY, is politics. At its masthead, *A Luta*, the daily newspaper of the ruling minority Socialist Party, proclaims itself "independent, socialist, *and pluralist*." It must be the only party paper in the world thus to advertise its commitment to the rights of its political opponents.

The whole city shines and flutters with the posters and slogans of its contending parties. Walk down the broad Avenida da Liberdade, where the black swans swim quietly on tree-lined pools, and at every step you meet the statues of old Portugal, bearded eminences accompanied by tight-lipped lions. But on every statue, as on the walls of every building, the signs and symbols of the mid-'seventies jostle. As the influence of the Communists has declined, so their part in the decoration of Lisbon has grown—stars, chains, the faces of dead youths. The Lisboners, in fact, are beginning to want their city cleaned up, and more and more of them are ringing up the police if anything movable, like a strip banner, makes its appearance; the police act fast, and usually it has gone within the hour. But the first exhilarating impression is of a city that would have matched Hannah Arendt's dreams (where "each individual appears and confirms himself in speech and action").

A closer look continues to give one grounds for optimism. Two small-seeming but significant events mirror precisely the present springtime political atmosphere. General Eanes, the very popular young President (elected on a 60% vote), who has kept clear of party attachments, appointed an Army deputy chief-of-staff to take over some of his military responsibilities. At the same time, Dr Soares, the Prime Minister, dropped two long-standing members of his cabinet, and brought in two expert administrators, neither of them belonging to his party, to become the ministers, respectively, of Industry and of Trade & Tourism.

Lisbon was electric with reactions to these events. There are dozens of newspapers (party, loosely party, and independent)—piles of them stand on every street corner—and the implications of these moves were thrashed out in them for days afterwards. Would the Army accept this new overlord, who was clearly expected to push it still farther and faster out of politics? "This could be a grave military crisis", threatened the leader-writers of the Left. To that, General Eanes responded by obliging the military governor of Lisbon—the only officer of the former revolutionary régime who retains any semblance of power—to make a meticulous restatement of the Army's subordination to the civil authority. Two days later, the "Revolutionary Council"—a military body which was once the driving force of the revolution, but is now an odd, incalculable element in the constitution that is there, like royalty, mainly because its predecessors had power—approved the new, much stricter legislation controlling political activity in the forces. Another crisis had passed.

But what, behind all this, was Eanes himself up to? He had seemed to plant himself firmly behind the Soares government at the swearing-in of the new ministers, stating plainly that "the present government reflects a political solution deriving from the relation of forces and the objective conditions found in our country now." This brought a howl from the Right. Vera Lagoa, the spirited woman editor of *O Diabo*, was immediately asking: wasn't Eanes in danger of identifying himself with Soares and the Socialists? After this would he be able to maintain his authority, if the country moved further to the Right? It must not be forgotten, to understand these reactions, that to the right of Soares's Socialists (who got 35% of the votes in April 1976) stand not only the Social Democratic Party, with 24%, but also the conservative Centre Democrats with 16%. To Soares's left, in parliament, there are only the Communists, who got 14% of the vote. (Incidentally, while I was there, a former Prime Minister, Admiral Pinheiro de Azevedo, announced that he was going to form a new party, standing "between the Socialists and the Communists." "Not much room", someone commented.)

On one point there was general agreement, whatever view was taken of it: Soares's little reshuffle was a rightward move. And that might have been connected with fresh troubles that broke out, later in the week, in the Alentejo, the land of great farm estates south of Lisbon.

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Here there has been of late a steady handing-back, to the former proprietors, of land that was taken from them by Communists and workers in 1974. (I met a man who had just had a phone call from the Ministry of Agriculture saying they were sending him back a herd of goats.) But resistance to the new policy, and even fresh takeovers, were reported from the Alentejo.

At once, the Minister of Agriculture was on television, saying graphically "The Alentejo is Portugal, not Communist." There was a meeting between the Government and Army leaders, after which no official statement was made, but a journalist wrung out of one officer the remark "Don't worry, we'll be there if necessary." The remark rapidly went the rounds, and was taken to mean that the Army would give the Government any help it needed in the Alentejo. But where, after all, did this leave the Army? Non-political supporters of the constitutional government? Or a political force taking up position, now, on the opposite side from 1974?

ONE EVENING I went to the Lisbon opera, to see *Madama Butterfly*. The opera house, São Carlos, is a beautiful late 18th-century building: inside, it has five rows of small boxes, at the back of which you see the men standing in the shadows all through the performance, brimming with machismo, even though there is a second row of chairs. Dominating the whole opera house, however, is the royal box—facing the stage, and taking up almost the whole depth of the building, its canopy supported by sweating gold Titans. No one sat in it, and no one has sat in it since the Salazar days. There was talk of allowing fifteen students to sit there, but even the socialist soul of revolutionary Lisbon quailed at the thought of that.

My host, B., was a musicologist who before the revolution was a director of the opera house. (Now his cousin is the director.) B. does a weekly music programme—a sort of illustrated colloquy—on Portuguese television, which many people told me was one of the best things on TV today. But April 1974 had been very important to him, and he acknowledged an allegiance to the Communists still, fearing that the growing volume of the anti-Communist campaign would end by making an opening for the fascists to return. In this, of course, he echoed a view held by Portuguese on either side, that a middle-of-the-road régime is bound to be dangerously unstable in Portugal.

We looked across at what is nowadays the President's box, a small box like the others, unidentifiable unless you are told. It, too, was empty. "No more musical than Salazar was", sighed one of the guests. But that led B. to tell me

ASA Monographs 14, 16

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edited by Ian Hamnett

April 1977, x + 234 pp., £5.50/$10.75
0.12.322350.4

Here contemporary social anthropologists and academic lawyers present new ideas and suggest some promising approaches to important theoretical problems in the anthropology of law. The focal point of enquiry in this volume consists of the relative importance of "norms" or "rules" on the one hand, and of "interest" or "power" on the other, in the settlement procedures of widely varying African societies. This controlling theme involves a close discussion of the role of law in society generally, with particular reference to cases in which legal pluralism results in dynamic social, political and economic change.

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edited by Richard P. Werbner

May 1977 xxxviii + 258 pp., £7.20/$14.00
0.12.744950.7

This book is the first attempt by social anthropologists to create a theoretical framework for the comparative analysis of regional cults. It gives the study of religious organizations a new perspective on major historical transformation from the pre-colonial past to the neo-colonial present, in North and South-central Africa, South America and the Middle East. It advances a basic debate about opposed theories of religion and society inspired by Robertson Smith, Durkheim and Marx. The focus is on the problems of change in transcultural symbolism and relationships which cross political, economic or ethnic boundaries.

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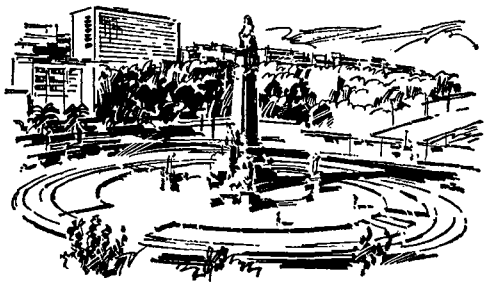
a story. "You can have no doubt about my hostility to Salazar", he said, "but I don't regret a last service I performed for him. He hated music, but when he was dying, his doctors, who were very modern, thought that music might help him. A friend of his whom I knew asked me to suggest some records, which I did. And his last pleasure in life was the discovery of Wagner!"

An Englishwoman living at Estoril had told me, the previous evening, that long dresses were beginning to come back this spring, for the first time since the revolution; but that furs were still definitely out. The opera house must have been avant-garde in this matter, for there were many fur capes to be seen on the shoulders below our box. They were out tonight in honour of a Mexican soprano, Gilda Cruz-Romo, who was a great success as Madama Butterfly: her voice was superb, and, large and late-thirties though she was, she had, I think, studied the poses of Japanese women in 18th-century woodcuts, so that her small, sinuous movements threw a convincing veil of shy delicacy over her.

The Portuguese singers playing with her had much smaller voices, but sang confidently within them. I noticed the intensity the first violin, a severe-looking girl in a green jade dress, put into her semi-solo with Butterfly in the first act, and I remarked on it to B. But he was not having any such slack-minded approval. "Too Italian", he said. "Not right for this production. She was better in the Alban Berg concerto the other day." Later in the opera, as dawn breaks on Nagasaki, the sky lightened rather jerkily. There was a music critic from the Communist paper, *Diario de Lisboa*, in our party, and his girl-friend, in a splendid, long, red silk dress, was sitting next to me. She leaned over to me as the sun began to flicker, and whispered "*Le lever du soleil, c'est toujours difficile, même dans l'Orient.*"



At the end of the evening, Gilda Cruz-Romo got terrific applause, but the tenor who had sung Pinkerton was less lucky. Boos rained on him; he went off looking very crestfallen, and didn't come back for another curtain. B. shook his head sadly. "Just beginning his career", he said. But the audience, it seemed, were not having workers' democracy in the opera house, wherever else it might have made its gains.

THE OPERA HOUSE IS down in Pombaline Lisbon, the 18th-century "new town" built on the Tagus waterfront by the Marquis de Pombal, after the earthquake in 1755. From the narrow, criss-crossing streets of Pombal's town, the land rises sharply on either side to heavily populated hilltops, but slopes rather more gently up to the north, where modern Lisbon spreads out on the plateau. In a park up here on the edge of the city stands the Gulbenkian Foundation.

When he died, Calouste Gulbenkian left a fortune for the carrying out of good works, mainly in Portugal, where he had been a refugee during the war. The power-house of this beneficence is a very beautiful, low-slung modern building with the park around it remodelled in a Japanese style, and towered over by old eucalyptus trees. Up at the Foundation I talked to M., the director of investments, in his office, where everything one needed was subtly placed at hand height, sitting or standing.

There are a Gulbenkian orchestra, ballet, and choir in Lisbon. Funds pour out from these offices for libraries, time-and-motion studies in the wine and olive oil industries, and cobalt therapy; for the Army Map Service and child welfare laundries. Nevertheless, the propriety of the Gulbenkian continuing to exist in Portugal was fiercely questioned after the revolution. It lost all its holdings in Portuguese industry—some 12% of its total assets—and two directors and three other employees were purged by "worker demand."

One of the directors and two of the other staff have now been allowed to return to their jobs. However, none of them has come back, because two of them are in Brazil, and the third has a job elsewhere. There have been hints, from the present government, of compensation for the nationalised assets. But the Gulbenkian is not satisfied with this. In its latest report, the chairman, Dr José de Azeredo Perdigão, a lawyer himself, has written a brilliant point-by-point defence of every one of the Foundation's activities, probably subjecting the post-revolutionary laws to a closer scrutiny than anyone has yet given them. He seems to prove conclusively that everything should go on just as before—and that, indeed, is what has happened.

Across the park, a separate building, is the Gulbenkian Museum. This is not only an art gallery laid out with astonishing spaciousness, but also an arts library, where serious students and "brilliant anarchists", as M. called them, gather in numbers. The anarchists have to be prohibited from spending the whole day in the

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refectory, arguing over its excellent black coffee and cod rissoles (which are the ham sandwich of Portugal). They go out into the park. There are bidets provided in all the museum's lavatories.

I spent the morning in the gallery, after talking to M. Visitors get a large folder of sheets describing each room, in the language of their choice. There are 15 Guardis, some sunny, some sinister; there are Corots and Daubignys, another Rodin kiss, a sardonic Degas of himself in a top hat. There are many beautiful Persian carpets, all on the floor. There is also a room of Laliques—furniture in the embrace of snakes, great beetle haircombs that must have stood out on the heads of women as startlingly as a hologram. Most of these objects were commissioned, very mistakenly in my view, by Gulbenkian himself.

I went to join M. again for lunch—he generally drives himself in his Mini to his flat nearby, to lunch with his wife, and he invited me with him. We stopped at the traffic lights by a wall particularly densely painted with sickles and gnashing teeth. "It'll take a lot of money to clean up Lisbon", I said. "Why doesn't the Gulbenkian make a grant towards it?" We looked out again at the snarling caricatures. "I think that would not be very discreet", he murmured.

AT THE WEEKEND, especially, the bars and cafés of Lisbon are white with newspapers. Conspicuous among these is a weekly paper called *Expresso*. I went to see the editor, Francisco Pinto Balsemão, who was once a social democrat MP. It was Thursday, his press day, but he seemed keen to talk. He is still in his thirties, with long black hair curling on his neck, but clean-shaven, unlike the staff of beards and wavy moustaches he has round him. A little boy of about five, with bright brown eyes, who had been parked in the office by one of the subs, was playing under his desk while we talked.

Pinto Balsemão is a close friend of the Prime Minister's, but *Expresso* is in every way an independent newspaper. He told me he had come to London to study the *Observer* and *Sunday Times* when first planning *Expresso*. It is smaller, of course, but it has, like them, a front section and a separately folded review section; however, the review section is as completely taken up by politics and economics as the front bit, apart from two pages of arts news, gossip, and restaurant notes.

Everything Pinto Balsemão said to me expressed a faith in a moderate, rational politics as the right and most hopeful road for Portugal. He dismissed large bogies; he seemed to imply that the problems were identifiable, measurable, and being tackled. The first was the agricultural

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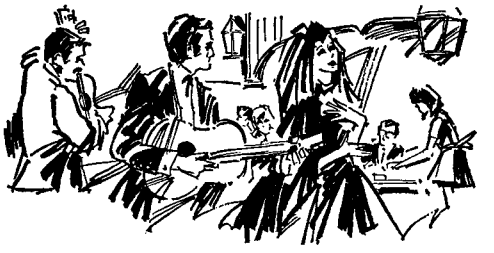
problem: he thought the resistance to a sensible settlement in the south was more of a show of strength by the Communists, than full-scale opposition. The trade unions (dominated by the Communists) presented the same challenge—that of tactical trouble-making, rather than major disruption. But what was especially on his mind was the unfair competition between state-owned and private industry, which put private firms at a heavy disadvantage. *Expresso* was one of the few papers that had wholly to pay its own way; but it was very difficult when the nationalised papers, if they overspent, could just hand the bill to the government.

I remarked that the nationalised papers didn't seem to be mere voices of the government. Even in the stately *Diario de Noticias*, the nearest thing Lisbon has to *The Times*, I had read plain criticism of the government's actions. "Ah", he said. "If you see criticism of the government in a nationalised paper, that's because the paper is nearer to one minister than another." It seemed a further, convincing example of the complicated Portuguese compromise, at this time when political adroitness is so vital to the government. But when one remembers that less than two years ago the revolutionary generals were declaring that the results of the elections were insignificant, compared with the role of the Left-wing Junta,[1] one can only be amazed how decisively moderate men, both in and outside the Army, have steered Portugal towards effective parliamentary democracy.



ONE OF THE BEST consequences of the revolution is that there are even more restaurants in Lisbon now than there were before. The minimum wage has made it possible for some to eat out; the disappearance of servants has made it more necessary for others. (Perhaps this is one aspect of what the only Freudian psychiatrist in Lisbon said to me: "The revolution has enabled us to see each other for the first time.") And food is still comparatively cheap for a Lisboner. It feels even cheaper to the visiting Englishman—less than £2 for a good meal in any small restaurant.

If Lisbon today is politics, it is also, as it has always been, seafood. You have a view of the Sea of Straw—which is where the Tagus broadens, just inside the estuary mouth—from almost everywhere in Lisbon. From the castle, with its garden full of white peacocks, on one hill, and from the expensive shopping streets on the other, you look down to the tankers lying offshore, and the ferries shuttling across to the suburbs on the far bank. There is a station called "Sea and Land" on the waterfront.

The first night I was there, I had a fine white slice of boiled hake in a restaurant, with some new potatoes. The waiter put a cruet with two flasks of oil and vinegar on the table; but I didn't stir—the fresh fish was so succulent, no garnish could improve it. He watched me in amazement for a few moments, then seized the oil bottle, pulled out the stopper and sprinkled its contents all over my plate. It was a very subtle olive oil, and the dish was—well, almost as good with it on. . . . In another restaurant, I watched a boy fishing a lobster out of a big glass tank. It was not a pleasant sight. The other lobsters cowered at the bottom of the tank, while the victim swam in panic, its fan-shaped tail, which you don't normally notice, flapping violently up and down. Once caught, the lobster became still, and seemed to turn back into coral—it was just as well, only thus could one forget it as it went to its fate. There were nutcrackers on every table in this restaurant, and I saw a good deal of machismo drain out of red-faced men as they struggled to crack crabs' claws with them. But the atmosphere in restaurants is very relaxed and informal. In the same restaurant, again, I saw two well-dressed men order a plate of rather expensive prawns, then bring packets of crisps out of their pockets to eat with them. Shoe-blacks drift between the tables, giving a dirty look at one's feet, and small boys flock in—as they do through the streets—selling plaster-strips, *Hansaplast*—a much better sell than boxes of matches, since almost everyone is glad to have a few in their pockets or handbags.

Out in the streets, the Lisboners are quite different from, say, Spaniards in their cities. They are courteous, in a reticent English way, and are quickly lost in their own thoughts again. Even their voices, with their swallowed vowels and falling intonation, seem more English than Latin. (And on many streets there are red English pillarboxes, made by Handyside of Derbyshire.) The Rossio, the central square, where the Avenida da Liberdade meets the "new town", is full of dark, brooding figures at all hours of the day and night.

The traditional singing, the *fado*, is supposed

[1] See H. U. Kempski's article in ENCOUNTER, August 1975.

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to be the classic expression of this melancholy inward look; but, if so, the *fado* restaurants up on the hills don't give you more than a glimpse of it. They are not tourist traps: you only have to pay for a meal, at slightly higher prices than you'd pay in the streets below. But they are mainly for tourists, and the show is very perfunctory. The night I went to one, there were only a few tables occupied, apart from a long one for a delegation of French trade-unionists. The main *fado* singer, a middle-aged woman in a black dress, tilted her head back as far as it would go, and half-sang, half-shouted a song called *Nunca mais*—"Never more"—like a rather unmelodious Edith Piaf. Two boys in sports jackets played guitars behind her, and at a corner table, another man occasionally replied to her in snatches of song, representing her lover across the seas.

I watched two of the trade-unionists staring at their table, as though they longed to be back home drawing up lists of the workers' enemies; others were laughing, and a stout French businessman at the next table rebuked them angrily, recognising enemies from home. A noisy quarrel burst out, that interfered with the singing still more seriously.

I walked back to my hotel from the *fado* at midnight, through busy but quiet streets. As I went into its pleasant lounge, bristling with what you might call documentary-chic—lampshades made of black-and-white photographs, in glass, of People's Lisbon—I saw four men arrive on the pavement outside, with heavy cylinders of wood at the end of long sticks. They began to bump the small, white stones of the pavement into place. For an hour, the banging went on, clearly audible in my second-floor room at the back. But I found I did not mind that I couldn't go to sleep. These were the night noises of peace.

AUTHORS

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Literature & Criticism

Realists & Formalists

Discussions of the Novel—By LAURENCE LERNER

OF ALL THE THREATS that the world presents to us, perhaps the worst is that it might be incomprehensible. Here we are, shaken by our own mysterious emotions, recognising and failing to recognise other people, bombarded by sensory experience, and in the midst of this booming, buzzing confusion we have to make sense of what we receive. To do this we need systems of conventions, of which the most important is language. To use a set of conventions effectively you have to look through them, not at them, so there will always be a tension between those who use the conventions of language and those who examine or criticise them. In literature, we can call these two groups realists and formalists. The realists are intent on the world itself, the material which language organises, and so they trust language; the formalists question it, saying that all conventions involve distortion, and that an unfamiliar way of distorting the world is at any rate better than the conventional representations which we might be naive enough to think undistorted—or (more extreme) they question the very existence of a world independent of what we make of it, so they concentrate on the making because the medium is the message.

Everyone knows who the great realistic writers are; realism may be tossed aside in the exuberance of creation (as by Dickens) or deliberately rejected for a self-conscious concentration on how the tools of representation function, and it is usually only the latter, among creative writers, who are called formalists. This same contrast exists among literary critics. Everyone knows the vocabulary in which realistic fiction has traditionally been discussed; the formalist reaction involves a questioning of its terms—plot, character, style, even point-of-view (a concept which has formalist leanings, but not strong enough for the really sophisticated), even author and book.

We can watch this critical debate in the pages of Malcolm Bradbury's anthology, a useful collection of statements and essays, mostly by novelists, all previously published.[1] The two extremes of realism and formalism can be represented by C. P. Snow and B. S. Johnson. Snow has elsewhere asserted that "there are certain things you can say about people in their society which are—slightly begging the terms but not too much—objectively true." He regards Tolstoy and George Eliot as models for the novelist today and is impatient with the *nouveau roman*; he gives modernism a good commonsensical kick when he says that it "made the novel totally meaningless in a very short time." B. S. Johnson however says of the traditional narrative novel: "No matter how good the writers are who now attempt it, it cannot be made to work for our time, and the writing of it is anachronistic, invalid, irrelevant and perverse."

The middle position is represented by David Lodge's admirable essay on "The Novelist at the Crossroads" (I cannot say the reasonable man's middle position, since who could be more reasonable than Snow?—and indeed what is at stake is the value of reason). The path that has led us to our present crossroads, according to Lodge, is the traditional realistic novel, but it seemed to have ended, and in front of us we see Fabulation (those non-realistic modes deriving from romance or allegory—he takes the term from Robert Scholes) and the non-fictional novel, tending to documentary. Uncertain which way to go, the novelist may build his own dilemma explicitly into the book, producing the problematic novel—defended (and practised) by B. S. Johnson, Michel Butor, John Fowles and Doris Lessing, among others. Finally Lodge suggests, with some hesitation and a modest mention of himself, that realistic fiction might have a future after all.

Gabriel Josipovici's collection deliberately

[1] *The Novel Today*. Edited by MALCOLM BRADBURY. Manchester University Press, £4.95; Fontana, £1.25.

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takes sides in this debate:[2] it is a communal effort by a group of critics from the same university who mostly know one another well and share a common formalist slant, and they start, as the Introduction puts it, not by asking what novels mean, but by attending to the activity of reading. (In an interesting essay in Bradbury's collection, Gerald Graff sees this scepticism about meaning as a development from the rejection of paraphrase by the New Critics, and ultimately from Romantic theories of organic form—a new movement rejecting its predecessors by pressing home the logical implications of their own position.)

THERE ARE SEVERAL tasks the formalist critic can set himself, and these two books contain examples of them all. First, he can state the general critical position. In Josipovici's collection the essays that do this are the least rewarding: sometimes obscure, sometimes stylish, in their rehearsing of the paradoxes of modernism, they leave one with the suspicion that it is too easy to play against each other these concepts of self and other, writer and reader, dream and reality. But I make an exception for Josipovici's own concluding article, a meditation (with the help of Wallace Stevens) on how the great self-conscious works of literature might emancipate us from our slavery to linear time, and so charge the world with new significance: "They might. They might. But time will not relent." The essay makes a kind of appendage to his brilliant critical study of a few years back, *The World and the Book*, which has made him, for me, one of the most intelligent and challenging of all formalist critics, and I doubt if he is capable of writing an uninteresting essay.

Second, the critic can attack realism. Since only a fanatic would deny the greatness of Richardson, Stendhal, Tolstoy *et al.*, the usual way of doing this is not to say that realism was misconceived but that it has had its day. Hence B. S. Johnson's claim that it is anachronistic; or Robert Scholes' claim that "the cinema gives the *coup de grâce* to a dying realism in written fiction." That is, representing reality is now so much better done by visual images that fiction will have to concentrate on other tasks: a parallel to the argument that, since photography, painting must concentrate on the non-representational. There is an obvious plausibility to this, but I am sceptical for several reasons. First, can art afford this kind of specialisation? If the function of art is to offer an experience to the whole man, then it should not go along with the increasing specialisation of our professional activities, but offer a resistance to them. Second, where do you stop? B. S. Johnson claims that television has now taken over the narrative function from the cinema, "and the most aware film makers have realised this." Narrative and mimesis are passed on unwanted from medium to medium, and one begins to suspect that the rise of a new medium is an excuse rather than a cause—an excuse for those who want to get rid of a mode they have never liked. The anti-novel, after all, is probably older than the novel: *Tristram Shandy* is contemporary with the earliest novels, *A Tale of a Tub* is earlier. The rejection of realism did not need to wait for the realistic tradition to be exhausted, or rendered technically obsolete: there it was, from the beginning, for those suspicious of rational ordering and linear sequence. The realistic novel may not be anachronistic so much as unfashionable, and the wild claim that realism was always misconceived may be more tenable than the "historical" claim that it is outmoded.

I am strengthened in this view by John Barth's lively essay "The Literature of Exhaustion", reprinted in Bradbury, in which he mingles "professional concerns" of his own with enthusiastic appreciation of Borges. Barth's title certainly suggests that he is making the historical point, until we reflect that exhaustion is not a recent phenomenon. All that is best in his discussion, like all that is best in Borges, was as true five hundred years ago as it is now. The excitement of Alexandrianism, like the view that of the making of many books there is no end, is much older than the 20th century.

Third, the formalist critic can offer insights into the less characteristic, or at any rate the less familiar, effects of traditional works. Rachel Trickett and Gabriel Pearson, both in Josipovici's book, do this on Dickens. Rachel Trickett's splendid defence of Dickens's linguistic verve is one of the best things in the book, and is also less assertive in its formalism than most of the others, amply conceding that George Eliot (whom she uses as a foil to Dickens, and who does not recreate the language) has her own, other virtues. Pearson on Dickens is much cleverer, but his paradoxes on the idea that "it is not so much authors who create their works as works which create authors" seem to me to reduce either to mere ingenuity or into a restatement of the familiar.

FINALLY, and most important, the formalist critic can analyse the central effects of formalist or experimental writing. This is of course the heart

[2] *The Modern English Novel: The Reader, The Writer and The Work*. Edited by GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI. Open Books, £2.95.

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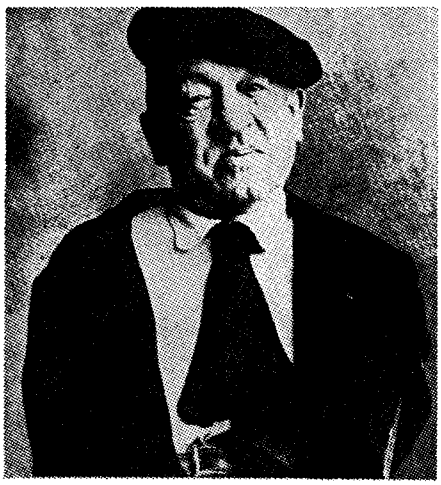

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of Josipovici's book: as he observes in his Introduction, there is a parallel between the concerns of the contributors and the modernist movement itself: "It may after all be just such a sense of disorientation, of bafflement, that the modern novelist seeks to instil in his reader."

As an example of these, I choose Roger Moss on Joyce. This is a defence of Joyce's experimental syntax, based on the claim that ordinary syntax could not perform the tasks he set himself in *Ulysses*. Its aim is to offer "a way of reading (not a 'reading' of) the book." He therefore discusses why Joyce writes "Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis" instead of ". . . I said softly to myself 'paralysis' "; and why he goes on in *Ulysses*, when aiming at a similar effect, to insert the word "Chrysostomos" by a simple syntactical break. Moss regards this as a great improvement: "It is as if we read: 'As I gazed at him I said softly to myself the word Chrysostomos . . .', without losing that word in the linear determinism of the language from which it is separated."

My own leaning towards realism has perhaps already become apparent, and must now be made explicit: to show what I find unsatisfactory in Moss's able and intelligent essay could be to indicate the limitations of the whole approach. New techniques, such as new syntax, may be admirable devices to shock us into attention; but it is too easy, in defending them, to assume that normal language does not have the resources to produce the same effect. Over and over, as I read Moss's argument, I found him unfair to ordinary syntax.

Further, his essay also leads me to ask what the relationship is between language and the world. For the realist, as we know, this is no problem. For Moss, in reaction, there is a "clear distinction between the shape of language and the shape of the world." Studying Joyce's anti-syntax brings this out, but to what end? If *Ulysses* has *any* meaning, then we have to be aware not only of the distinction but of the relationship; in however modified a form, we must return to the question of what language can tell us about the world. Moss believes that if Joyce had used conventional syntax we'd have lost "the power of the word as such in chasing its meaning." But does not he, in contrast, lose the meaning in chasing the syntax? For the effects he analyses, any word would do, as long as we think about it as a word.

I must not be unfair: he does concede, in a footnote, that he doesn't want to detract from the more conventional discussion of the symbolism of these words. I want to know how important Moss considers such "conventional discussion." If meaning is still what matters most, then his essay is simply a modest gloss on an aspect of Joyce's technique; if however his essay is dealing with what really matters in *Ulysses*, then a very radical (and to me unacceptable) formalist claim is being advanced.

BUT WHY SHOULD NOT an examination of the medium also illuminate the meaning? No reason at all: this is what the best criticism has always done, for any good critic has some awareness of formal questions. And I am delighted to be able to finish by singling out an essay that does just this, with a brilliance and insight that one does not often have the pleasure of lighting on. John Mepham's "Figures of Desire: Narration and Fiction in *To the Lighthouse*" concentrates on formal problems, but constantly reaches out from them: for him, *To the Lighthouse* is a deeply moving human document that conveys its power through a series of complex technical devices. Mepham's central concern is the relation between the order of the narration and the order of the fiction; he explores the question of who is speaking, shows how the narrative texture takes on the richness of poetry, analyses our understanding of the consciousness of the fictional characters, and shows how this emerges from the author's handling of transitions. The coherence and semantic saturation of the narrative order in *To the Lighthouse* is constantly played against the instability and confusion of the fictional order; and as Mepham's opening section makes clear, this is what makes it a modernist novel, for in the traditional novel the coherence of the telling rests upon a coherent understanding of the material, an "epistemological certainty" about experience. If that goes, narration ceases to be "the embodiment of some pre-existing knowledge" and becomes "the satisfaction of the desire to speak with appropriate intensity about things of which our knowledge is most uncertain." Not only has *To the Lighthouse* become this, it also offers, within the fictional order, an analogue to that desire—the painting of Lily Briscoe's picture. By means of her struggle to fill that empty white canvas with blues and greens, she is giving form to her intense bodily emotions of love and loss. "Expression can help us to come to terms with this loss, but it cannot change the fact that it is a basic force which shapes our experience."

I have summarised Mepham's argument (though the summary is thin in comparison with the original) in order to show what formalist criticism can do at its best. Though he focuses on points that could easily lead to barren technicalities (alliteration, shifts in who is speaking or thinking) he never loses sight of the urgent concerns of the novel. Concentrating on the

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activity of reading is not in the end, for him, different from concentrating on the meaning.

HERE IS A THOUGHT to conclude with. Formalism can be offered as a redress or as a gift. Formalism as redress seeks to make up for the misleadingness of the standard conventions: it breaks syntax because syntax falsifies, it rejects the concepts of plot and character because they are abstractions, and all abstractions distort our experience. Formalism as gift does not seek to destroy the conventions but to offer alternatives: it breaks syntax because syntax can do some things and broken syntax can do others, it ignores plot and character because it has other concepts to use, that will lead to other insights.

I don't offer this as a systematic distinction, and I'm sure that good or bad essays could be written from either position; but I am sure of my preference for formalism as gift. Indeed, there is something essentially self-defeating about the simple rejection of the activities that use the accepted conventions, science, reason and mimetic narrative: for people will go on using these, and if your critique does not interlock with them they will ignore it.

Theatre Folk & Scholars

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IN 1929 GEORGE WILSON KNIGHT published *Myth and Miracle*, "an essay on the mystic symbolism of Shakespeare's final plays", and in 1930 *The Wheel of Fire*, "essays in interpretation of Shakespeare's sombre plays." He has been writing on Shakespeare (as well as on other poets) steadily ever since, and has thereby built up a corpus of philosophic criticism scarcely rivalled by any other English writer of the present century. It is idiosyncratic writing in the sense that hardly a page of it could be by anyone other than Wilson Knight: method, accent, vision are integral and unique. The interpretation has been primarily of a dramatic poetry rather than of a poetic drama, and this to an extent that has at times puzzled and misled readers. "Even the best Shakespearian theatre recently invented, that of Dr Wilson Knight, shows occasionally as bleak and empty as a hall hired for poetry-readings by some philosophical society in a provincial town." This is a sad example, and was written by myself nearly thirty years ago.

What, I now wonder, did I judge missing? Perhaps it was some Aristotelian assertion of the primacy of action in drama: that deeds draw men from happiness to misery or from misery to happiness; that words spoken by one bring another's sword from its scabbard; that the sword may fall in ironic ignorance of what consequence shall ensue. Again, just as close attention to theme, and particularly to theme as conveyed and enriched by symbol and imagery percurrent in a play, tends to obscure purely dramatic development, so does it withdraw character behind a haze of poetry. (But here is a process Shakespeare himself began; that Othello, "rude in speech", is also one of the greatest English poets is odd in a way that his speaking English rather than Italian is not.)

All the more interest, then, attaches to the fact that Wilson Knight has from the beginning been closely implicated with Shakespearian acting and production. *Shakespeare's Dramatic Challenge*[1] is largely about acting—but about something that he calls "poetic acting."

> This means that the actor should act not the character alone, but the poetry; and especially towards the close, the poetry more than the character. . . . Hamlet as a "character" may be confused, but his poetry is not; he is less a "character" than a poetic voice, speaking from a height overlooking his problems.

Shakespeare's dark tragedies invariably celebrate in their conclusion "a poetic rise rather than any fall." But this rise, since it is in fact the attainment of a new state of being, involves, as it were, the shedding of the carapace of character, so that the voice we ultimately hear from the hero is no longer merely his but poetry's also—and this complexity the actor must convey. As cognate with his own thought here Professor Wilson Knight cites Granville-Barker's maintaining that

> people in poetic drama have to express both what is known to them and also truths about themselves they do *not* know; all of which things, diverse and sometimes contradictory, must be expressed at one and the same time and in one and the same fashion.

Professor Wilson Knight has given much thought to "poetic acting", bringing his own

[1] *Shakespeare's Dramatic Challenge*. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. Croom Helm, £5.95.

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stage experience to bear on the conception, and patiently perfecting a technique of what he calls "dramatic recital" which he now expounds at considerable length. The play most relied upon here is *Timon of Athens*, which he has always held in high regard as being, with all its imperfections, "the culmination to which all else moved" in the development of Shakespearian tragedy. He prints *in extenso* the script of that part of a recent recital which is based on the play. It consists of a dramatic monologue on Timon's part, variously built up from the text, delivered with action and in costume (or an absence of costume), variously lit, and accompanied by a linking and explanatory commentary spoken by another voice.

I DO NOT KNOW that a printed record can at all adequately convey the impact of such a performance. I have no doubt that Timon's nakedness is important, or that Professor Wilson Knight threw off this garment or that at an appropriate moment; and I can believe that the audience saw his "whole body . . . act at every instant, radiating power." But I am left wishing that I had seen him sustain the part of Timon in a regular production at Leeds, or heard him lecture formally on the tragedy there—as I might have done had the years fallen a little differently. On the other hand, *Timon of Athens* is well-adapted to the kind of recital he has devised. It is a very remarkable play or draft of a play, containing some of Shakespeare's most mature and magnificent verse, and exhibiting almost pervasively the quality Hazlitt was distinguishing when he spoke of it as being of all Shakespeare's plays the one where he was most "in earnest." Yet it is a bitty unformed affair, and moreover most who read it feel a harshness and extremity about it which is un-Shakespearian. Every line may be by Shakespeare and many could not conceivably be by anyone else. But something—and we can have no idea what—has thrown this Shakespeare off-balance. He may even be experimenting (in a jot-down way) with a kind of writing he knows to be not native to him. I find Mr Robert Speaight suggesting (in the book to which I next turn) that *Timon of Athens* would have been a better play if the author of *Volpone* had written it, and that perhaps Shakespeare realised this and threw in his hand. But if I find myself inclining to this estimation rather than to Professor Wilson Knight's, I nevertheless find Wilson Knight in many places freshly revealing on the play, and this even although he has (as he says) written in "book after book" about it.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT'S involvement with the theatre was on a more professional basis than Wilson Knight's, and in *Shakespeare: The Man and His Achievement*,[2] a substantial book devoted in the main to a critical exposition of the plays in their received chronological order, he was able to draw upon a widely ranging theatrical experience. Discussing *The Taming of the Shrew*, he recalls just how the revolving stage at Stratford was employed in John Barton's production in 1961, and how certain Peggy Ashcroft was that Katharina falls in love with Petruchio at first sight. Puzzling, as many have done before him, over Johannes de Witt's drawing of the Swan Theatre, he finds himself "back in Kyoto, watching the rehearsal of a Noh play." The *Gesta Grayorum*, a masque written by the Benchers of Grays Inn for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth I, was presented anew in the same hall (rebuilt after being reduced to rubble during the Second World War) before Queen Elizabeth II—at whose feet Mr Speaight had himself to lay the "abominable blank verse" of those learned lawyers; and this occasion, too, assists him when de Witt is being considered.

Mr Speaight accords the plays (and poems) a generous setting in social as well as theatrical history, and he goes in search, moreover, of the man who wrote them. What do we know, for a start, about the boy who grew up in the little market town on Avon—"*emporiolum non inelegans*" as Camden calls it, and "reasonably well buyldyd of tymbar" in the report of Leland? This and that he could have been taught at the grammar school; "natural and sportive lore" lay all around him in the Forest of Arden; strolling players came and went. These are matters frequently rehearsed. But let us not neglect the misericordes in the church where his bones repose today:

> a lion with two bodies; a naked woman astride a stag; a man castigating a woman with a birch for no better reason than because a dog is biting her; a chained ape providing a specimen of its urine in a flask.

Mr Speaight's eye, we feel, has been as wide-ranging as the boy's.

But is any exploration possible of the inner boy—or man? Commenting on his decision "to set a discussion of his art within a biographical framework", Mr Speaight declares "that Shakespeare's life and work are inseparable—or, more exactly, that his plays *constitute* his biography." I find this leaving me rather more confused than an exact statement should do. How can plays constitute a biography? It has often been maintained that they quite evidently can do no such thing; that the dramatic and personative mode of expression places the man behind the plays for

[2] *Shakespeare: The Man and His Achievement*. By ROBERT SPEAIGHT. Dent, £6.50.

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ever beyond our reach. Yet when we are told this something very like humble common sense tells us that it isn't quite true. An impression of Flaubert transpires from Flaubert's work, even if it be only concurrence in the celebrated judgment that he was not a very interesting man; and something even of Racine does so too.

There have been those who pushed this persuasion far in relation to Shakespeare. Walter Bagehot, in a once-celebrated essay, "Shakespeare the Man", insists that the plays tell us everything worth knowing about the greatest of the English poets. Later critics, more subtly inclined, have declared that the poet's imagery is the key with which he has unwarily provided us to unlock his heart. The imagery, cropping up as it were indifferently in the speech of one character or another, betrays the man behind the many masks. But not everybody is convinced by this. All that we can learn about Shakespeare from a study of his work—Walter Raleigh maintained—is that he disliked dogs. I am myself inclined to regard even this as an overstatement. The nastiness of dogs that is asserted all but pervasively throughout the plays may reflect some trauma of childhood when little Billy Shakespeare was bitten or frightened by one. But this dislike may have settled far beneath the conscious mind, and a compensatory mechanism have produced a New Place in which pampered spaniels slavered in every room.

WITH GRIGORI KOZINTSEV we move from men of the theatre to a man of the cinema; here is the diary he kept during the gestation and shooting of his *Lear*, first shown in the West in 1972.[3] "Gestation" is important, for the record begins in Japan: the revelation of the austerity of the Noh Theatre after the Kabuki Theatre's opulence; contemplation and revelation in the Stone Garden in the town of Kyoto. Then, later: "I conceive Shakespeare's tragedies while I am walking; I hold imaginary conversations with friends who are no longer living and with favourite authors. I argue with them and learn from them." And:

> Making a film does not mean arriving at a specific time in a specific place (a rehearsal room, studio) and working with a team of people with various specializations who have been gathered together specially for this work. It means living for several years under the persistent influence of Shakespeare's picture of life, which you see as yet only dimly, one feature at a time, but the main point is the "all-embracing thought" (Dostoyevsky)—which you take as the most important. And every day, everything you see, hear, read and learn convinces you of the burning necessity of displaying this thought, making a picture of a life which really exists.

Working on a Shakespearian tragedy reminds Kozintsev of archaeology. "The search is always going deeper . . . the whole is usually reconstructed from fragments." It is from fragments that the picture builds up. Thus:

> How is one to define the diminutive world of Gloucester? . . . Walls overgrown with ivy, a pond with stagnant, weed-covered water, an old servant knitting a woollen stocking, a gardener pottering about in the unkempt park, logs crackling in the fire-place, and the lord of the manor dabbling in astrology in his old age. . . . It is in these comfortable patriarchal surroundings that the lord of the manor has his eyes gouged out. Beyond the halls of the palace and the rooms of the estates, beyond the fortifications and fences are the villages of the poor, the fields and peasants' vegetable strips, the well-trodden paths; beggars wandering about in search of food. Beggars, roads, vegetable strips and fields are inscribed on the universe. Clouds rage over the world, a scourge of fire thrashes the earth. Black, charred logs, metal fragments and ash are the end of the story. The survivors return to the ashy ruins and life goes on.

Or again:

> The elder sisters harbour not love for Edmund but fierce desire. They are ready to tear each other apart for their lover. One cannot portray this on the stage. On the screen, while the war is raging, one must unceremoniously show dogs mating against a background of fire, steel and blood.

But who was to play Lear, an old man who gets into conversation with storm clouds and the wind? What ought he to look like? Kozintsev recalls Michelangelo's self-portrait on the flayed skin of Saint Bartholomew in the Sistine Chapel. Perhaps Lear is like that. But in the end he turns out to be like Voltaire, and his name is Yuri Yarvet. Yarvet is short, with a small head, and very nervous. He has been suggested for the part of Poor Tom, apparently an actual mad beggar from whom Edgar is to take over. Tom need produce only inarticulate cries, so it is no matter that Yarvet speaks Russian poorly and indeed only partly understands it. Kozintsev has been searching for Lear's *eyes* all over Russia—and here they are! The little Estonian gets the part and triumphs in it—although he himself had judged his chance to be so slim that he turned up for the test only because in Leningrad it might be possible to buy some oranges for his children.

Then there was the problem (for it was that) constituted by the manner of Tolstoy's final taking flight from Yasnaya Polyana. (Kozintsev's film *The Way Out* is about this.) "The coachman led out and harnessed the horses. Everyone on the estate ran for shelter from the storm: washing was taken down from the line, the cattle were

[3] *King Lear: The Space of Tragedy*. By GRIGORI KOZINTSEV. Heinemann Educational, £8.50.

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herded into the barns. The watchman opened the creaking gates; the wind swirled up the dust on the road." But this must be judged "theatrical howling and the sound and fury of show-business", and it won't do for Lear leaving Gloucester's snug manor. Yet the parallelism of the two situations is haunting—not the less so because of what Tolstoy so famously thought of Shakespeare's play.

This is a wonderful book, full of technical chat, green-room gossip, apparently irrelevant reminiscence of one Russian theatrical movement or another—yet we are never many pages removed from some deep aesthetic revelation. Even the small discoveries are impressive:

> Why did Cordelia's soldiers (young, clever people) not find her father immediately? . . . Here is one hypothesis: the difficulty was not in finding Lear but in recognizing him. He has become indistinguishable from other men. Just like everyone else. Were there so few white-haired tramps wandering about?

AFTER THE THEATRE FOLK come two scholars. Muriel Bradbrook, feeling that the "archaeology" of the Elizabethan and Jacobean stage (meaning the physical conditions of the playhouses and the manner in which plays were presented in them) has been largely determined, has moved on in *The Living Monument*[4] to what she terms "a sociology of the theatre." Her book sets out to explore "actor-audience relationships . . . and their effect on plays and playwrights", and also "the more complex and difficult area of social relations as reflected in dramatic art." She begins by tabulating 29 "Leading London Theatres, 1557–1642", with their builders, the companies acting in them, and the known dates of their being opened and closed. Within the flourishing entertainment industry thus housed there was almost from the first a conscious catering for a diversity of clienteles: some comparatively homogeneous, others so diversified within themselves as to set the playwrights pretty puzzles in the field of audience-appeal as the main dramatic kinds begin to sort themselves out. Jonson sticks on the whole to his learned sock; Middleton plumps for the multiple or composite plot; Shakespeare, although he tends to leave "City comedy" to others, is at once the bold eclectic and synthesiser and the subtle exponent of mingling kind with kind to high effects of art. But because the playwrights were constantly collaborating with one another they were constantly learning from one another too; and the fruits of this exchange are everywhere evident in the development, maturity and efflorescence of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. "In the best of the public theatres, playwrights achieved something like the feat of conducting an orchestra as they wove together the variety of demands that a mixed audience exacted." This is a large theme, and Professor Bradbrook has devoted to it a learned and wide-ranging if at times slightly unfocused book.

"DREAMS, GHOSTS, APPARITIONS"—John Arthos declares in his preface to *Shakespeare's Use of Dream and Vision*[5]—"are among the greatest delights in Shakespeare, he gives them a multitude of forms and discovers contrivances for their use that are as charming or awesome in spectacle as they are rich in meaning." It is to be remarked that "again and again in the plays confusion and darkness of spirit are lit up by the light of dreams and visions", so that we have to ask ourselves whether reasoning and beliefs of the playwright's own concerning the significance of visionary experience may not underlie and account for the power and authority of this element in his work. If we study *The Phoenix and Turtle* faithfully, and consider the context in which it comes to us, we are likely to find ourselves "prepared to consider metaphysical matters elsewhere in [Shakespeare's] writings." Particularly in *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Julius Caesar, Hamlet* and *The Tempest* it is possible "to explore matters of deepest concern" in this area of experience. Professor Arthos's initial preoccupation, in fact, is with a Shakespeare who, as Dryden said of Donne, "affects the metaphysics" or who is at least deeply imbued with the philosophical and mystical thought of his time.

The Phoenix and Turtle is certainly a remarkable poem, but I find it a little too mysterious both in itself and in its background to be a very convincing basis upon which to found a view of Shakespeare's native intellectual habit and interests. Shakespeare was writing in competition with three poets who were greatly superior to him in formal education, and of avowedly speculative inclination: Jonson, Marston and Chapman. He had seemingly agreed to write in a manner not only "allegorically shadowing the truth of Love" but shadowing as well obscure circumstances such that the first edition of the venture fell foul of authority and was denounced as "seditious." It was up to him to put his best foot forward, and he did so in a gnomic and arcane manner not elsewhere found in his writing. There is nothing factitious about the

[4] *The Living Monument: Shakespeare and the Theatre of his Time.* By M. C. BRADBROOK. Cambridge University Press, £8.50.

[5] *Shakespeare's Use of Dream and Vision.* By JOHN ARTHOS. Bowes & Bowes, £5.00.

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poem; nor is there any reason to suppose that a mind so enquiring as his had not found its way very adequately around current philosophical interests and Platonising systems; nor that one so copiously endowed with apperceptive power could not readily bend and blend past interests of the kind with present dramatic concerns. So in a way there need be no contest about *The Phoenix and Turtle*. But it still scarcely seems to come very close to the dreams and visions and supernatural events and apparitions which can indeed be so powerful and moving, so evocative of other dimensions of being than those familiar to us, in the plays at large. Thus Professor Arthos's hunt for the metaphysician might well have produced the sort of book asserting that Shakespeare must have travelled widely in Italy, or been a profound botanist, or spent long years in the study of medicine or the law. But it is not so, since any thesis-like element in the work is nowhere taken too far. The chapter on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which exhibits through all the absurdities and inconsequences of this dream-like play the control of a serious and serenely "philosophical" mind in the broad sense of that term, very well instances the balance and sensitiveness of Professor Arthos's criticism at its best.

Women of Doubtful Gender

Sexual Politics & the Novel—By ROSEMARY JACKSON

IN *The Golden Notebook* (1962), Doris Lessing writes very assertively of a distinctly female tradition:

> Are you saying there haven't been artist-women before? There haven't been women who were independent? There haven't been women who insisted on sexual freedom? I tell you, there are a great line of women stretching out behind you into the past, and you have to seek them out and find them in yourself and be conscious of them.

Recent publications on women and fiction seem to be capitalising on the popularity of such a tradition, but problems arise in defining it and in determining its relation to the dominant, or "Great" tradition. This split of novelists according to gender might seem a false dichotomy, but many women writers seem reluctant to be accommodated too easily into the main, "male" stream. Women's literature, they claim, is an autonomous and active sub-culture. Given that subversive tone, the central issue has to do with the relevance of literary criticism to women's studies. For how, if at all, is the divorce between formalism and feminism to be resolved?

Elaine Showalter's work on the alternative "female" culture, *A Literature of Their Own*,[1] is, quite simply, the best study of women's fiction to date. Original, suggestive, thoroughly documented and richly detailed, it is scholarly without being abstract or abstruse. It provides a full literary history of women novelists from 1800 to the present, as "part of a larger interdisciplinary effort . . . to reconstruct the political, social and cultural experience of women." The title is taken from J. S. Mill's famous theoretical piece on *The Subjection of Women* (1869), where he declared that, "If women lived in a different country from men and never had read any of their writings, they would have a literature of their own." It also supports G. H. Lewes's similar claim earlier, in *The Lady Novelists* (1852), where he criticised women's imitative art, "To write as men write is the aim and besetting sin of women; to write as women is the real task they have to perform." Showalter traces the development of female fiction from its acquiescent, imitative form to a more assertive and creative medium—a development marked on the one end by *Jane Eyre* (1847) and on the other by Doris Lessing's *The Four-Gated City* (1969) in *The Children of Violence* sequence. For although women's writing is seen as an imaginative continuum, repeating certain patterns, themes and problems, it is also seen as a dynamic body of literature. Showalter refuses the sad and static interpretation of women's novels which is rife in contemporary criticism; she insists that the tradition *moves*.

This movement is measured by her telling comparison of the different but parallel plots of Brontë's and Lessing's novels. In *Jane Eyre*, the governess heroine achieves only a dubious equality with her "master", Rochester. Their marriage is made at the cost of sexual and spiritual castration: Rochester is maimed and blinded by the fire which also destroys his mad wife, Bertha, imprisoned in the attic of Thornfield Hall. Also lost in the blaze is the demonic, passionate side of Jane. In *The Four-Gated City*, the heroine, Martha Quest, acts as housekeeper

[1] *A Literature of Their Own*. By ELAINE SHOWALTER. Princeton University Press, $17.50, £13.40

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to her "master" and lover, Mark. Their relationship is more open and more painful. Here, the mad wife, Lynda, imprisoned in the basement of their London flat, is accepted and assimilated, as the irrational side of Martha. Through their mutual understanding and quest for love, the three move towards a difficult liberation. From Brontë to Lessing, the progress is one towards self-realisation: from an equality based on mutual limitation to one based on mutual growth.

On the whole, Showalter avoids rigid categorisation or type-casting, but the amount of material filling out the female tradition demands some structuring. A convenient mould is her splitting of women's writing into three chronological phases, though these are loose and overlapping: Feminine, Feminist and Female.

The "Feminine" phase refers to that period of *imitation* of the male tradition, internalising its standards, copying its characters, plots and values. It is clearest between 1840 and 1880 in the work of George Eliot, Elizabeth Browning, Elizabeth Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and a host of minor Victorian novelists. Eliot's *Romola*, with the heroine's dedication to preserving her father's library, seems "a paradigm of the feminine novelist's veneration of male culture." The feminine novel was subverted by the successful sensation fiction of the 1860s, which projected women's disillusion, frustration, anger and destructive impulses into the rebellious, outsider heroines. But these never fulfilled their promise of "radical inquiry into the role of women", for the guilt incurred in transgressing the norms of behaviour laid down for them was too great.

Ironically, the most violent reactions came from women themselves as guardians of the patriarchy. Mrs Lynn Linton, a minor novelist and author of *The Girl of the Period* (1883), voiced a characteristic Victorian warning against those "women of the doubtful gender", who "set themselves to blaspheme nature and God and good." She urged a female friend to maintain "the sweet womanly virtues which make woman half divine, and the true antiseptic of society." The dominant fear was of being unfeminine, unwomanly and unnatural. Doris Lessing makes the same point in the preface to *The Golden Notebook*: "Men—and many women, said that the suffragettes were defeminised, masculine, brutalised. There is no record . . . of any society . . . when women demanded more than nature offers them that does not also describe this reaction from men—and some women." The very urge to write or publish engendered guilt in women, and there were constant attempts at atonement. Charlotte M. Yonge, for example, undertook to write only didactic fiction and promised her father she would donate all financial profit to charity—money from her novel *The Daisy Chain* went to missionaries in Melanesia. Alice King's *Forest Keep* purchased a stained glass window for Cutcombe Church. Mrs Ewing's novels bought a piano for her husband. Showalter suggests these are typical acts of apology, made by women who were on the defensive as artists and frightened of any accusations of being de-sexed. Hence too the various male pseudonyms, and the manipulation of plots to defeat the over-defiant or deviant "unwomanly" woman.

THE SECOND "Feminist" phase, from 1880 to 1920, seems to Showalter the least successful period of women's art. It includes Olive Schreiner, Sarah Grand, Mrs Craigie, Mary Coleridge and George Egerton, and protests openly against patriarchal standards, asserting female rights and autonomy, but its narrow focus on sexual and sexist content seemed to work against a successfully realised novel. As another critic suggests, the theme of "radical emancipationism" can cause a kind of "literary self-stultification."[2] To cite Lessing's preface again, "there is no doubt that to attempt a novel of ideas is to give oneself a handicap." The argumentative novel, or *roman à thèse*, is rarely exciting and usually ephemeral. Elaine Showalter's excellent chapter on blatantly feminist authors drives this point home: "The feminist writers were engaged in the kind of quarrel that, according to Yeats, leads to rhetoric but not poetry."

Beyond the explicit advocation of minority rights and values in the feminist novel lies the third phase in women's writing, which Showalter conveniently calls the "Female." This describes the period of self-discovery from 1920 to the present, reaching a new state of self-awareness in the 1960s in the novels of Doris Lessing, Margaret Drabble, A. S. Byatt, Muriel Spark and Iris Murdoch. Its preoccupations are with self-knowledge, identity, psychic integrity. In many ways it proves the consummation of the female tradition.

Feminism, then, is only one strand of Showalter's comprehensive study of women's fiction. And she is well aware of the dangers of a narrow, sectarian view. She claims that the vicious circularity of women's writings, obsessed with their own deprivation, can generate a closed and miserable microcosm: the dangers are of turning the literature recording female sacrifice into something sacrosanct. Showalter makes this feminist preoccupation with female lack of

[2] Fernando Lloyd, "The Radical Ideology of the New Woman", *Southern Review*, ii, 1967, pp. 206–22

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freedom analogous to a particularly mocking scene from Nabokov:

> In *Lolita*, Nabokov tells a story of a monkey at the Jardin des Plantes that was given an easel and paints; the creature's first painting showed the bars of its cage. It is a pity that the feminists, showing the limits of their world in their writing, also elevated their restricted view into a sacred vision.

Showalter's sensitivity to the various strategies sustained by women writers, in their attempt to get beyond this monkey business of painting their prison, is exceptional. For she sees female writing as a literary sub-culture, parallel to black, Jewish, Canadian or Anglo-Indian sub-cultures, and posing similar political and artistic problems.

Other recent studies are far less attuned to the subversive implications of female art. The "woman question", being sought and found everywhere, is producing a minor industry in the publishing world—books by, for and about women in history, art and anthropology are being delivered in mass numbers. This may be a desirable reaction against a state of apathy which a writer in a recent *Guardian* termed *gynlethargia*, or the suppression and silencing of female achievements, but the ubiquity of the question has its disadvantages. One is that, in the name of "women", anything goes. The term itself seems to be defined by default: the female experience is characterised and known as a vacuum, a negativity. Into this vortex, anything and everything is drawn. George Eliot drew attention to the dangers of double standards in her famous essay on serious and silly writers in 1856:

> Every critic who forms a high estimate of the share women may ultimately take in literature, will, on principle, abstain from any exceptional indulgence towards the productions of literary women.[3]

The feminist critic might cite this warning as a measure of Eliot's own compromise with the established literary tradition, but even so, there is a limit in tolerating mediocre fiction and criticism. In the endless chain of studies by women on women's fiction in the past few years, the limit seems to have been reached.

Kate Millet's *Sexual Politics* (1969) did much to foster the equation of patriarchy and academe, which may account for the hostility on the part of many female critics to allowing the validity of more formal or structural approaches to literature. But the results are disastrous. What is most striking in many of these studies is their confused intent and muddle-headed thinking about women. An apparent emphasis on women's social oppression switches too often into an uncomfortable obsession with "woman" as an archetype or essence. And all political or historical questions are subordinated or abandoned in the quest for this asocial reality. The rather dubious progeny of *Sexual Politics* has no ideological centre. It flirts with feminism in the name of women's studies and provides naive and indiscriminate social commentary. In the realm of fiction and criticism, it often betrays ignorance of, or indifference to, the ways in which narrative works, simply identifying author with character and overlooking all the problems and ambiguities of perspective which affect any interpretation of sexual images in the novel. The result is confused and directionless writing, which merely refuses the more traditional and incisive methods of literary criticism without refuting them.

AMONG THE MORE RESPECTABLE publications are the studies on women and fiction by Patricia Meyer Spacks, Anthea Zeman and Judith Fryer. All revolve around the woman question—the female imagination, the serious women's novel in England, the distorted images of Eve in American fiction. But none has the nucleus of a coherent feminist ideology, nor do they have Kate Millet's compensatory anger to energise their writing. Their methods are centripetal, throwing out ideas and images from a centre which is vaguely defined as the female gender. Obsessed with woman's identity *as* woman, their focus on the female archetype tends to place woman outside history.

The Female Imagination, by Patricia M. Spacks,[4] is a medley of fiction and non-fiction, a hotchpotch of novels, poems, journals, letters and autobiographies, interspersed with inane undergraduate commentary from the author's Wellesley College students. The book is subtitled "a literary and psychological investigation of women's writing", but literary analysis is limited to plot synopses and character descriptions, while the psychological slant involves a few passing references to Freud and a vindication of his presentation of women as "masochistic, passive, narcissistic." Patricia Spacks claims there is a crucial psychological difference between masculine and feminine writing. "Surely", she says, "the mind has a sex, minds *learn* their sex." And her thesis is that "a special female self-awareness", a conditioning by gender, controls all women's literature. This common denominator unifies her chorus of otherwise unharmonious female voices. Unfamiliar or forgotten heroines, such as Marie Bashkirtseff, Dora Carrington, the Duchess of Carlisle and Mabel Dodge Luhan, suffer along-

[3] George Eliot, "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists", *Westminster Review*, lxvi, October 1856.

[4] *The Female Imagination*. By PATRICIA MEYER SPACKS. Allen & Unwin, £5.95.

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side old familiars from Austen and Alcott to Woolf and Edith Wharton. Suffering is the operative word. For the imaginative world conceived by these women is, in Patricia Spacks' version, a peculiarly abortive one. Shaped by recurrent patterns of prohibition and restriction, it is peopled with portraits of ladies' pathos. Self-sacrifice and passivity seem the prerogative of the sex, and the tales they tell full of pain and self-pity. The norm for female sensibility comes to be Jean Rhys' tormented heroine, whose formula for identity might be "I suffer, therefore I am." We are back in the world of Nabokov's monkey.

Spacks seems neither shocked nor outraged at this subservience, for she defends a woman's lot as one of apology, not defiance: "Suppression is not only her fate but her self-defined purpose." Literature is seen as women's therapy, expressing and releasing the agony with miserable monotony, until Spacks' own précis, "This summary sounds dismal", becomes something of an understatement. Temporal and temperamental differences between women are all sacrificed to Ms Spacks' thesis of the sameness of all female experience, for in overlooking all cultural changes and discontinuities, she turns one woman into everywoman regardless of time, place, or class. Anything by women in print becomes an allegory of female experience through the ages—an allegory which reads as a book of lamentations.

A SIMILAR NOTE of sadness in female fictions sounds throughout Anthea Zeman's *Presumptuous Girls*.[5] Though chronological, there is little historical perspective. The solemn tone declares women's suffering as an inevitable vicious circle and presents female novelists from Fanny Burney and Jane Austen to Margaret Drabble and Sylvia Plath as authors of girls' guides to responsible behaviour. Zeman provides a naive utilitarian view of their novels as descriptive, didactic and helpful, telling women how and where they stand, teaching them to make the best of a bad job. As a serious "guide-book" the novel advises on careful and lucrative conduct and has no time for the heroic or histrionic. Zeman sees the serious woman's novel as an "unashamedly middle-class affair" whose female protagonists are "of average height, income, intelligence, good looks, health, concerned with the problems facing women." Given this cast-list of hardy anti-heroines, the sole problems are material ones, and the recommended strategy for survival is marital or at least monogamous. It is

[5] *Presumptuous Girls: Women and their World in the Serious Woman's Novel.* By ANTHEA ZEMAN. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £5.25.

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hard to believe that Ms Zeman's acceptance of the set social framework, her acquiescence in the double sexual standard, her approval of women who sought comfort within the possible norms, are all given without tongue-in-cheek; but irony is not the strong point of her study. Even Austen is transformed into a maiden Aunt Jane giving sage and stoic counsel on self-protection: "the lesson she had taught [women] . . . was to see life as it is, and may be, and by taking sensible precautions to make the best of it." The ideal is the serenity to be found in common sense, compromise and respectability—an end reached prudently and pragmatically. Even 20th-century chronicles of breakdown in Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* or in novels by Doris Lessing and Margaret Drabble do not smash this thesis of Anthea Zeman's, which proves an inflexible pattern of the novel as Baedeker. The serious woman's novel urges accommodation to the norms of the *via media*, the joys of "the middle-class aviary." And who, asks Ms Zeman, would wish it otherwise?

Not, according to Judith Fryer, male 19th-century novelists. Her study of sexual stereotypes in *The Faces of Eve*[6] proposes that all fictional images of the female, in works by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Melville, Hawthorne and Henry James, are degrading and distorting ones. But there are no hints of cause or effect—only a descriptive catalogue of the types into which the American woman falls: the idealised Eve of the American dream, the temptress, the princess, the great mother. Only one novel—by a woman—Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* (1899) is praised for its portrayal of a woman attempting to become "fully human"—though her effort to escape sex roles ends in suicide. Judith Fryer gives little attention to the novel's perspective on to the female portrait and has little sensitivity to narrative form altogether. The exclusive concern with the female gender again precludes more effective literary criticism, and the excessive categorisation of types of women in men's fiction strips down to an "I spy the Sexist" activity, which in the end is a boring identity parade.

GIVEN THE RICH scenario of the sex war throughout the history of the novel, one would hardly have thought it necessary to single out female authors to find acute images of that war's heroines and victims. It is hard to conceive of a novel without sexual politics as its subject in some form or other. For as A. O. J. Cockshut emphasises in his excellent new book,[7] the novel is concerned with love—and sex—in its public, institutionalised and responsible form. It has to do with interdependence, with the variable relationships between men and men, men and women, women and women, within specific social contexts. The novel mirrors changing assumptions as to the morality of hetero- and homo-sexual activity, and is preoccupied with the *consequences* of deeds in time, in society. Sexual and social politics become inseparable:

> Sexual morality was not a separate compartment of conduct . . . the world is so arranged that every virtue and every vice affects every other, that momentary, unconsidered actions have long consequences, that any shared sexual act sets up a relationship with another person, which can be evaded, but not cancelled.

But these vices and virtues have been differently defined for men and women. The novel has consistently provided two codes of sexual conduct: a defence of promiscuity for men and of chastity for women, a chastity celebrated in pre-marital virginity and post-marital virtue. The limitations for women hardly need spelling out: "The love literature of many generations had been based on the assumption that marriage was a triumph for women." Hence the female measure of morality: "both men and women habitually chose the conduct of women as the true index of morals and manners."

IT IS THE FEMALE image, then, which is at the centre of so many English novels. From Clarissa Harlowe in Richardson's *Clarissa*, Anne Elliot in Austen's *Persuasion*, through Becky Sharp in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Ursula Brangwen in Lawrence's *Women in Love*, Tess in Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, to Mary in Radclyffe Hall's study of lesbianism, *The Well of Loneliness*, we have a sequence of women's great—and not so great—expectations. Cockshut's book contains fine and subtle anatomies of moments of sexual encounter in these and other novels by Sterne, Gaskell, Gissing, J. A. Froude, Forster, Djuna Barnes, including welcome attention to themes of homosexuality and lesbianism in fiction. But the primary interest in public, institutionalised forms of love—*i.e.* marriage—has made the novel into a chronicle of heterosexual activity. Homosexual or lesbian love, feminism, have been less dominant concerns than marriage, adultery and the network of social forms surrounding these. Nevertheless, the novel has questioned the value of these sexual orders as constantly as it has seemed to acquiesce in them. Even the double standard has come under

[6] *The Faces of Eve: Women in the Nineteenth-Century American Novel*. By JUDITH FRYER. Oxford University Press, $11.95, £6.95.

[7] *Man and Woman: A Study of Love and the Novel 1740–1940*. By A. O. J. COCKSHUT. Collins, £4.50.

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continual attack—a critique from *within* the classic novels themselves. Fielding, for example, is not simply a champion nor is he a victim of the double standard in *Tom Jones*—that standard is presented to the reader for him to find risible or ridiculous or restricting: it is the means of presentation which allows for a critique and reappraisal of *idées fixes*. And Cockshut is marvellously sensitive to the workings of this kind of irony. His comment on *Tom Jones* anticipates the reader's resistance to having his sexual confidence challenged. Where Fielding intimates that promiscuity undermines a man's integrity as much as a woman's, Cockshut is aware that "The intelligent, good-hearted man of the world . . . does not want to be told this. He wants to hear that unchastity can never threaten his sense of honour as a truthful gentleman." The implications are that our infinite capacity and desire for self-deception invariably confound our attempts to be truthful and to escape the truisms of sex roles. Public and private are too often inseparable: stereotypes and expectations are not only externally imposed, but internalised to a disturbing degree. Mores, morality and money are closer to the heart of sexual matters than we like to believe.

Clarissa is seen as exceptional in its ability to "draw a clear distinction . . . between the morality of conscience and the morality of the respectable world." From Fielding and Richardson onwards, then, the English novel has made attempts to challenge public opinions and conventional presuppositions about sexual behaviour, exposing the double standard as a deceitful one, subverting received ideas.

GIVEN THAT FICTIONS of homosexuality are relatively recent, the main attack on static sexual patterns came from within novels dealing with heterosexuality. The most constant challenge to the social order had to attack the marital bond —and the form of the challenge was that of adultery. Dr Judith Armstrong's new book[8] is a fascinating study of the nature and extent of this challenge. Where the literature of marriage has to do with accommodation, continuity and compromise—contributing to the stability of the establishment—a literature of adultery has to do with obstacles, obstructions and partings—seemingly subverting the larger order. But the attack is more apparent than real. As Denis de Rougemont

[8] *The Novel of Adultery*. By JUDITH ARMSTRONG. Macmillan, £5.95.

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showed in his persuasive study of love in the western world, *Passion and Society*, the literature of adultery seems to offer a critique of sexual mores, but more often than not ends in reaffirming belief in a political structure whose centre of gravity is marital. The prototype of the tale of adultery is the myth of Tristan and Iseult: the lovers' defeat and union in death enacts the incompatibility of passion (romantic love) and society (marriage). But for all its anti-social content, the myth itself provided an outlet for subversive desires and so displaced them. The lovers' adultery contributed to the strength of the established order rather than challenging it.

Dr Armstrong extends De Rougemont's thesis of the adultery myth and looks at its dissemination in the 19th-century novel. The unifying thread is found in the apt epigraph taken from G. W. Ireland: "Tragedy is the vindication of a universal order, when it is in the interest of the Spectator to see that Order justified." The progress of romance in the novel records the defeat of anti-social, passionate love and the victory of institutionalised, ordered heterosexuality, however loveless. Dr Armstrong's discussion of French, English, Russian and American novels of adultery relates the texts very clearly to their cultural and ideological backgrounds. In France, the strong link between a stable hierarchical state and the family system consolidated the contractual nature of marriage: woman was a commodity. This is clear in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1856). In America, illicit love seized the imagination as a damnable offence against Puritan virtue, as in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), while in Russia adultery was seen as a violation of the mother archetype, with tragic results for Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* (1876). England, however, showed less excitement over the adulterous affair. Here, the myth of romantic love *inside* marriage died harder. There was less concern with the illicit romance than with the "genuineness" of the love relationship, even to the point of sentimentality. As Taine perceived it, the English male "is miserable, even in a state of adultery; even at the supreme moment, his conscience torments him." Less interested, or less able to cope with the explicit challenge to the married order, the English novel provides no real equivalent to these French and Russian masterpieces of adultery. Nor to Fontane's brilliant study of the alienated wife in *Effi Briest* (1894)—a marvellous German novel of adultery which, through her anxiety to "remain in the realm of literature she could handle in the original", is outside Dr Armstrong's scope.

In the tragedy of illicit love, it is invariably the woman who serves as victim. The outsiders are all female: Flaubert's Emma, Hawthorne's Hester,

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Tolstoy's Anna, Fontane's Effi are all women who are sacrificed to the rigid moral laws which equate marital fidelity with virtue. And for all their cultural differences, these fictions are stamped with a similar sexual code: the double standard is universal currency. Where a man was expected to be a rake, the creed that made women morally superior to men also made them much more culpable when they fell. A woman's adultery was not only a sexually deviant act, but a moral decline, a fall from grace. And the narrative of the fall, as in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, is interwoven with an account of the rigid social laws which demand her death: the image of woman cannot be divorced from the web of morality which turns her into a tragic object. Yet even while Tolstoy's novel dramatises the inexorability of the moral law which compels Anna's suicide as the price of her freedom, he questions the value of the social order which requires such nemesis. The novel poses and provokes doubts as to the nature of that social world whose inflexible sexual politics calls for the death of the woman who refuses them.

IN THE 19th-century novel, though, the reaching out to more radical social and sexual politics is nearly always tentative and marginal. Tolstoy could not afford to be too subversive in his presentation of women in fiction, any more than Hardy, Gissing, Meredith or James could. But for all the hesitancy, for all the posing of questions from *within* the ideology of "a male-oriented culture", the questions and doubts are still there. John Goode's erudite but at times elliptical essay on the various structural and formal strategies in novels by these authors, "Woman and the Literary Text",[9] makes this clear. Wielding an unemotional and neutral scalpel to dissect these fictions, Goode demonstrates that a structural or formalist approach to literature is far from incompatible with a commitment to women and women's studies. Two of the texts discussed, Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and James's *Portrait of a Lady*, emerge quite as provocative and subversive—in their presentation of woman as object—as any of the more overtly feminist fictions of the same period.

In *The Portrait of a Lady*, Isabel Archer is not, as James's preface gives her, "a young woman confronting her destiny", but a woman without choices, a trapped, terribly un-free consciousness. Goode stresses the importance of perspective on to the female image in painting this portrait.

[9] *The Rights and Wrongs of Women*. Edited by JULIET MITCHELL and ANN OAKLEY. Penguin, £1.25.

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Isabel is presented only with "a highly controlled authorial distance" and functions "only in response to the spectatorial and male consciousness around her—especially Ralph's." The lasting image is of a woman within a set framework, managed and manipulated so that we are compelled to see, in Goode's words, that "The adorable object is not 'nature' but a specific product within a specific system." Goode provides a similarly acute analysis of Hardy's novel, although the reading is different. Unlike Isabel, Hardy's heroic Tess is seen "not as in a flat picture masquerading as depth, but from all the angles that are possible. And that is why, whatever Hardy's own ideological commitment, no frame will hold his novel in place." Goode claims that *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, being "formally the most advanced" of these novels, is therefore "the most politically advanced." We might want to dispute this structural grid which reads every novel in a similar geometric fashion and makes Hardy more respectable than James in his openness and ambiguity of form, but Goode does provide a much-needed reconciliation between academic disciplines and women's studies without sacrificing either.

[10] Valerie Shaw, "Sisterly Sensibilities", *Times Literary Supplement*, 4 March 1977.

It is not, then, as a recent *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer claimed, that "Women and/ in Literature has become a non-subject."[10] It is more a case of overdoing a popular topic: with the help of the press and recent publications, female achievement is turning rapidly into a case of *gyniolatry*—an adoration of, or excessive devotion to, women. There are various ways and means of subverting social and sexual conventions: the most explicit or the most overtly feminist are not necessarily the most interesting or effective ones. Partisan criticism, like polemical fiction, becomes in the end both stale and deadly. As Showalter says, it is as if "all the feminists had but one story to tell, and exhausted themselves in its narration." Feminism is only one strand in the female tradition. And critiques as severe, rigorous and far-reaching as anything provided by writers of feminist fiction have been part of the history of the novel from Fielding and Richardson to Tolstoy and Hardy. I would not want to deny the existence of a distinct and autonomous "female" tradition in fiction. This would be to evade the issue, as Virginia Woolf did in her flight into androgyny—an asexual idealism which is, finally, a betrayal of women. But serious attention to the women's question and sensitivity to narrative form and structure need not be mutually exclusive. Showalter's definitive study

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of the female sub-culture, Armstrong's work on adultery in fiction, Cockshut's subtle reading of love in the novel, and Goode's formal textual analysis, for all their diversity of approach, suggest that women in and out of the novel are still a vital subject. Their studies show that formalism and feminism need not be antithetical. The dream of liberation and the commitment to women as it is voiced in *The Golden Notebook*, forging "order, a new way of looking at life . . . a new sensibility, a half-unconscious attempt towards a new imaginative comprehension", need not, as Doris Lessing intimates, be "fatal to art."

The Art of Being Someone Else

Psychology & Literature—By RONALD HAYMAN

"THERE IS NO SUCH THING as an I", George Groddeck wrote in 1912. "It is a lie, a misrepresentation to say: I think, I live. It ought to be: it thinks, it lives." For several years he had been convinced "that the distinction between body and mind is only verbal, not essential, that body and mind are one unit, that they contain an It (Es), a force which lives us while we believe we are living." When Freud published *Das Ich und das Es* in 1923, he acknowledged that he was taking the word from Groddeck. (It might have been better if Latin had never been introduced into the Englishing of his terms, but the translators, who were already committed to *ego* for *Ich*, opted for *id*.) Privately Freud taxed Groddeck with deriving the It "in a literary, not an associative way" from Nietzsche, who often employed the neuter pronoun to denote elements in the personality that obeyed impersonal laws. Later Groddeck admitted to using the word "in connection with Nietzsche." But in 1871, the year before Nietzsche published his first book, Rimbaud had written to Georges Izambard: "It is misleading to say 'I think.' One should say 'I am being thought.' " Two days later the phrase "I is another" occurred in his letter to Paul Demeny.

Lore Schacht's anthology of Groddeck's writings[1] includes his early essay on "Language", which endorses "the well known saying that man was given language in order to hide his thoughts. . . . Man's most personal thought is speechless, subterranean, unconscious." His conviction that words always distort the truth gives him an affinity with Antonin Artaud, whose theatrical theories, like his aversion to verbalisation, stem from his refusal to accept the distinction between body and mind. "There is a mind in the flesh, but a mind quick as lightning. And yet the excitement of the flesh partakes of the high substance of the mind." Conditioned by a physical malaise which seemed to invade his brain, and having nothing to consult except his own consciousness, he read himself as if he were a map of the universe.

Susan Sontag's long *New Yorker* essay on Artaud, which now reappears as the Introduction to her excellent 700-page anthology,[2] proclaims him as the "the greatest prose poet in the French language since the Rimbaud of *Illuminations* and *A Season in Hell*." "Nowhere", she says, "in the entire history of writing in the first person is there as tireless and detailed a record of the microstructure of mental pain." At its best, his prose is magnificent, but possibly the first assertion ought, like the second, to be qualified by a phrase about writing in the first person. In Rimbaud's work the mental pain is dramatised, not recorded, so the recurrent "I" could easily be someone else.

Artaud, who withdrew from the theatre but remained essentially an actor, came nearest to dramatising when he could project his imagination into another man's experience, whether in a prose poem, in a letter or in criticism. Much of his best work falls between the three categories. No one has written more lucidly or illuminatingly about the way van Gogh used madness, art and suicide to cope with an insufferable situation. It is not true that the bullet was already in his stomach when he painted "Wheatfield with Crows", but it can be said that there was "an inundation of black crows in the fibres of his internal tree." He was painting as if to cleanse himself of an obsession:

> The obsession of causing objects to be other than they are, of daring to risk the sin of the other, for the earth cannot be the color of a liquid sea, and

[1] *The Meaning of Illness. Selected Psychoanalytic Writings.* By GEORGE GRODDECK. Edited by LORE SCHACHT. Translated by GERTRUD MANDER. Hogarth Press, £7.50.

[2] *Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings.* Translated by HELEN WEAVER. Edited by SUSAN SONTAG. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $20.

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> yet it is as a liquid sea that van Gogh flings his earth as if with a hoe.

The self-portrait with a straw hat reminded Artaud of

> a certain philosopher whom I have never encountered in life . . . the unhappy Nietzsche may have been the only man before him to have had this look that undresses the soul, that releases the body from the soul, that lays bare the body of man, beyond the subterfuges of the mind . . . van Gogh has caught the moment when the pupil is about to pour itself out in the void.

Artaud was identifying with van Gogh in almost the same way that Nietzsche was identifying with Goethe in asserting that "What he aimed at was *totality*; *he fought against the sundering of reason, sensuality, feeling, will* . . . he disciplined himself into wholeness, he *created* himself."

This was written shortly before Nietzsche went mad. To say that the string of discipline can be tightened to breaking point or that madness may provide the only outlet for the pressure generated by the craving for wholeness is only to paraphrase what Groddeck said about illness: that it signifies a longing to become one with the mother, to be a child again, to be free from the ego-consciousness that shuts out the It. Artaud's madness was as inevitable as van Gogh's. His frantic nostalgia for pre-verbal integrity set up a tension that he relieved by splitting the subjective consciousness in identifications, as Michel Camus demonstrates in an interesting contribution to the special Artaud issue of the sumptuously illustrated literary review *Obliques*.[3] In the prose poems on "Paul les Oiseaux" Paolo Uccello provides "a Myself which is at once nobody and everybody, an intersubjective Myself which is the common but inaccessible identity of all consciousnesses." Using this *persona*, Artaud can feel that he is looking at himself from outside, that he is "sometimes inside life, sometimes above it." Later it was the same empathic stratagem that was working or overworking in his belief that he had been crucified at Golgotha.

FOR THE TITLE of "Greatest French Prose Poet Since Rimbaud", the most formidable rival contender is Henri Michaux. He seems to have undergone parallel experiences of pain and alienation in childhood and to have devoted his life to a convalescent holiday, a series of irate absences from European reality, lingering at many of the same resorts as Artaud, including Balinese theatre, mescalin, and sketching incomplete or semi-abstract faces. Like Artaud's, his writing is strongly rooted in the waking dream tradition of Baudelaire, de Nerval, Lautréamont and Rimbaud. Artaud might equally well have written "Hallucination is infinitely more true than the sight of ordinary reality", but he was a tragedian, a star performer who made his work into a platform for his hallucinated, self-defeating life. Michaux is a comedian who has reticently limited his self-dramatisation to his writing, which modestly makes fun of the pain. Artaud said, "In my unconscious it is always other people that I hear"; Michaux said, "One is not alone inside one's skin." (Nietzsche had said, "Our body is a social structure composed of many souls.")

Two admirable additions to the Athlone French Poets series are a critique on Michaux by Peter Broome and *Au Pays de la Magie*, which he has edited with an informative introduction and copious notes.[4] He shows how the imaginary journeys in *Voyage en Grande Garabagne* (1936), *Au Pays de la Magie* (1941) and *Ici Poddema* (1946) develop material collected during the real journeys Michaux described in *Ecuador* (1929) and *Une Barbare en Asie* (1931). They also look forward to the accounts of mescalin experience written from 1956 onwards. In *Un Certain Plume* (1930) he had already written "Everything is a drug to the man who opts for life on the other side." And in *Qui je fus* (1927) he had asked: "Why not a diary of the impossible?"

Creating the comically imperturbable Plume, he found a means of pumping malaise into a character that seemed to be outside himself—a buffer character, he said. But the problem of integration remained unsolved. "In a double, triple, quintuple life, one would feel more comfortable, less devoured and paralysed by an unconscious hostile to the conscious (hostility of the other, plundered selves)." His first step towards the creation of "buffer countries" had been taken in *Mes Propriétés* (1929). Peter Broome compares this "personal domain" with the world to be inhabited twenty years later by Beckett's Molloy. One of the most striking similarities is in the imagery of firm-seeming outlines that sink back into the bog of the unnameable.

But Michaux is more impressive when he allegorises his ontological insecurity into the poker-faced observations of a puzzled traveller in a magical country. Like a mime who can make us believe he is on a tightrope, the prose worries us with vertiginous lurches, reassures us with its virtuoso muscular coordination. He has developed his finesse into a self-discipline. Moving from fantasy to recollection, satire to nightmare,

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[3] *Obliques* (58 Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris 4e), Nos 10–11, 125F.

[4] *Henri Michaux*. By PETER BROOME. Athlone Press, £5.75, paper £2.50. *Au Pays de la Magie*. By HENRI MICHAUX. Edited by PETER BROOME. Athlone Press, £6, paper £2.75.

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the reader is given an experience comparable to Michaux's when, travelling along the Amazon, he tried to paint what he saw. "My faithful larvae and phantoms, which come from nowhere and know nothing of the Equator, appeared on the canvas." The inventions which flow in such rich profusion through the *Pays de la Magie* are unfailingly startling, but as in reading Kafka, we often get the unsettling impression that someone else has been watching our nightmares. Not that we have ever quite dreamed about an unreliable landscape which can change shape to attack, or a magical exteriorisation of an inner face which is ordered not to nibble at one's double, or water which keeps its shape when the carafe is smashed, or a madman who hits noisily at the bars of his cage with an invisible flail.

IN JANUARY 1925 *la Révolution surréaliste* published answers to a questionnaire about suicide. Artaud wrote: "I am not affected by an appetite for death but by an appetite for non-existence." The appetite that affected Sylvia Plath was for a purity she could not find in the living reality that surrounded her and for a suicide that would mean not death but the birth of a better self. David Holbrook's book on her[5] uses psychoanalytical insights derived mainly from Winnicott, Laing, Fairbairn and Guntrip to interpret her verse, her novel and her suicide. He uses Fairbairn's concept of the "regressed libidinal ego" to explain her viciousness in dealing with her own needs. Schizoid hatred is developed by the application of an infantile logic to the feeling of not being loved. If the need to love and be loved is rejected, it must be harmful, dangerous. Hatred must be preferable as being less damaging to other people. Faced with the prospect of starvation, then, the craving for meaningful existence and solidity in the self comes to feel like a hungry mouth or a clamorously unborn child inside the womb.

Holbrook's careful analysis of the poems is often enlightening and, discussing *The Bell Jar*, he is able to explain why she wrote so animatedly about suicide and so flatly about sexuality. In the novel, as in the verse, there is a strong schizoid fear of being devoured, engulfed, cannibalised, whether by a hostile environment or by a man who pretends to be offering love. But Holbrook's book is badly marred by a simplistic moralism, which spreads a blanket of disapproval over the poems which deny "the evident, and fundamental, truths of human love" by suggesting that the "chasms between us . . . cannot be

[5] *Sylvia Plath: Poetry and Existence.* By DAVID HOLBROOK. Athlone Press, £7.

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crossed." She is "pressing her sick logic on us" when "she urges us, with rapture, to take to the false solutions of hate, rage and self-destruction." He denies the possibility of admiring the poem "Edge" without giving assent to a poetic logic which inverts all human values and proclaims a mother's right to kill her children.

Holbrook's attitude is old-fashioned and oddly insular. Even during the last hundred years, most of the best English poetry has been religious or humanist, or at least life-affirming, but what about the nihilism and alienation in European literature? Of the fourteen French poets represented in the anthology by Peter Broome and Graham Chesters[6] and its companion volume,[7] de Nerval is the only one who killed himself but not the only one to have adopted a negative attitude. Baudelaire took a Sadean view of both nature and love-making, holding that the human animal acquires the taste for crime while in the womb and that "the unique and highest pleasure of love lies in the certainty of doing evil." Rimbaud believed that as a poet he had a duty to debauch himself as much as possible. Laforgue created for himself the painkilling *persona* of an elegant pierrot yawning at "*la céleste éternullité.*" Michaux defined the writer as a man who knows how to keep in touch with "the area in himself which is vicious and never appeased." Valéry was able to turn his back on the void represented by his marine cemetery but only after contemplating it. The positive elements in his verse are nourished by the negative elements. In Sylvia Plath's work, too, there is a more complicated interplay between pro-life and anti-life pressures than we appreciate if knowledge of the ultimate biographical fact is allowed to filter our reactions. I disagree with A. Alvarez's view that "her suicide becomes the whole point of the story, the act which validates her poems, gives them their interest, and proves her seriousness." I can't see that the poems would be any less interesting if the attempt at suicide—like her two previous attempts—had failed.

THE PROBLEMS involved in applauding a poem while rejecting the underlying attitude have been central to the work of I. A. Richards, whose "uncollected essays" have been collected by Professor Russo for Carcanet Press.[8] In a 1930 essay on "Belief" Richards distinguished

[6] *An Anthology of Modern French Poetry, 1850–1950.* Edited by PETER BROOME and GRAHAM CHESTERS. Cambridge University Press, £6.90, paper £2.20.

[7] *The Appreciation of Modern French Poetry 1850–1950.* By PETER BROOME and GRAHAM CHESTERS. Cambridge University Press, £6.60, paper £2.20.

[8] *Complementarities: Uncollected Essays.* By I. A. RICHARDS. Edited by JOHN PAUL RUSSO. Carcanet Press, £6.

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"imaginative assent" from "verifiable belief" by applying William James's touchstone of "readiness to act as though it were so." We cannot dismiss unverifiable beliefs as irrelevant, but we should ask whether imaginative assent to the poet's attitude would be conducive towards success in "ordering the growth of the personality or in aiding the good life."

For James, the opposite of belief was not disbelief but doubt, which implies mental activity. Though imaginative assent to the suicidal attitude behind "Edge" would not be conducive to the healthy growth of the personality, the poem can provoke mental activity that is intrinsically valuable. A pronouncement by Coleridge which appears to have been seminal for Richards is that the ideal poet "brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity." This may lie behind the theory of value proposed in *Principles of Literary Criticism:* "Anything is valuable which will satisfy an appetency without involving the frustration of some equal or more important appetency." Confronted with the problem of measuring the worth of a faculty or the importance of a desire, the critical mind that keeps in touch with nuclear physics is unlikely to be satisfied with a ruler marked according to the traditional moral scale.

Complementarities testifies to the variety, the ingenuity and the persistence of Richards in wrestling with the ethical problem. From 1919 to 1975 his attempts to solve it were inseparable from his efforts to import systematic categorisation and scientific precision into literary criticism. His most brilliant pupil, Empson, caught the habit of patterning interpretations into numbered lists. Leavis has accused Richards of being unable to make up his mind whether science and poetry are two different kinds of thing or fundamentally the same kind of thing. Leavis developed into the better exponent of Practical Criticism and he did well to expose an unacknowledged nihilism in Eliot's *Four Quartets*, but the moral basis of his critical standards precludes an adequate response to the conscious nihilism of contemporary literature, while Richards—without having dealt with it critically—has proposed a theoretical model which may prove helpful. He applies Niels Bohr's theory of complementarities to suggest that, as in physics, mutually exclusive propositions should not be allowed to exclude one another. This at least opens the door to ethical relativism.

One of Richards's late essays contains a pleasing parallel to Groddeck. Told off by his mother for sneezing too much, the little boy retorts "I don't sneeze, Mummy, it sneezes me!"

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The Quality Surveyors

Critics on Poetry—By ALAN BROWNJOHN

CONSIDER THE VARIETY of the registers in which critics currently seek to arrive at the truth about works of literature. Barbara Hardy, in *The Advantage of Lyric*,[1] successfully coaxing an important love poetry out of the reticence and veiled allusion of some early Auden, writes about the poem which appears as "XI" in the 1928 *Poems* (it's "V" in the 1930 edition and "The Letter" in *Collected Shorter Poems*; the one beginning "From the very first coming down/Into a new valley with a frown"):

> Feeling is not described at all, but implied by the reticent form and language, which decorously convey the pressure of the feeling which is controlled in decent silence. The knotted negatives . . . the impersonal form . . . the compression of the movement . . . the ellipsis and shift of tense [of particular moments and effects in the poem] all contribute to the reticence. The double time and its emotional duplicity, the clipped style, and the refusal to express direct feeling, all quietly weigh feeling and evaluate as they define.

The register here is, one would say, almost a standard register for English academic critics at the moment. It owes a good bit to Leavis (though it hasn't his combatively complicated syntax) and something to Empson (though there's none of his rather impish brilliance). Among Professor Hardy's more immediate contemporaries, the same closeness, the same teasing pertinacity with a text, is there in a Donald Davie or a Christopher Ricks, though both of these usually exhibit the greater zest which goes with the argument of a novel or controversial case (the case argued in *The Advantage of Lyric* being a fairly modest one).

These qualifications don't entail a denigration of Professor Hardy's style, which is certainly an undramatic one yet also a valuable means of feeling sensitively to the centre of a poem and extracting tones and patterns of feeling which can be used to illuminate the poet's work as a whole. But there is a larger point to be made about the entire procedure: which is, whether coming at a poem with so finely adjusted a set of critical instruments necessarily produces more accuracy and illumination than the heady onrush of a John Berryman, armed with both daunting knowledge and a challenging idiosyncrasy of style and judgment. Care sometimes *misses* some things, surely, and exalts others for the wrong reasons. In Yeats's "The Lover Tells of the Rose in his Heart", aren't those "things uncomely and broken . . . worn out and old" awkward to the poet because they are *pitiable* in their unloveliness, and won't go away at a dream of the loved one's image, not because they are merely ugly? They don't "lack individual force", as Professor Hardy has it; they have only too much, and Yeats needs to be compassionate about "the wrong of unshapely things" before he can make his "casket of gold."

THAT JOHN BERRYMAN'S register is going to be a very different one becomes very clear indeed in the early pages of *The Freedom of the Poet*,[2] and in the second essay in this volume, the contents of which he arranged very carefully only a few months before he died, he provides something of a keynote argument for his whole style and procedure. The subject is "Thomas Nashe and *The Unfortunate Traveller*", and he is quoting Nashe's praise of Robert Greene's drinking habits in attacking the dignified Dr Gabriel Harvey: "A good fellow he was [writes Nashe] . . . and in one year he pist as much against the walls, as thou and thy brothers spent in three." Berryman goes on:

> "He was a good fellow" would be entirely different, as failing to convey the thrust that *he* was good, though he seemed not, as *you* are not, though you seem so in your respectability and eminence. It is hard to measure what has been lost in our prose by the uniform adoption of a straight-on, mechanical word-order (reflecting our *thoughtless* speech). Perhaps Nashe's prime instruction to modern writers might be located here.

Berryman's own following-out of this instruction has been, of course, most clearly evident in his poems—first tentatively (and with only moderate success, perhaps?) in *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet*, which he here mentions as taking almost five years to get under way, and then triumphantly, with the great gamble of the

[1] *The Advantage of Lyric: Essays on Feeling in Poetry*. By BARBARA HARDY. Athlone Press, £5.50.

[2] *The Freedom of the Poet*. By JOHN BERRYMAN. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.50; Faber, with Farrar, Straus & Giroux, £6.95.

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Dream Songs, which alone of the great group of long poem-sequences of the 1960s and 1970s, never seem mechanical or (in that special technical sense) *thoughtless*. But the critical prose proceeds—or rather, asserts, substantiates, retrenches, digresses, interrupts itself and abruptly stops—in the same manner. It makes *The Freedom of the Poet* a weirdly brilliant book, a mine (occasionally a labyrinth) of insights and oddities.

On its dust-cover, Berryman sits relaxedly enthroned on the stones of some ancient monument (castle or abbey?), trimly-dressed and coiffured—this must be somewhere between those prim, scholarly early photos and the heart-rending late ones—and he is *expounding*, with arms sensitively yet insistently upraised. This is, appropriately, Berryman the teacher, the great teacher insisting with forgivable autocracy on his interests, if not on his doctrines ("My interest in critical *theory* has been slight"). There is a "Dream Song" (No. 105) where he allows his class a democratic decision:

> *We'd time for one long novel: to a vote—*
> Gone with the Wind *they voted: I crunched "No"*
> *and we sat down with* War & Peace.

In his book we sit down with a clutch of Elizabethans, modern English and European writers, Americans, poets from Whitman through Yeats, Pound and Thomas to Henry Reed and Lowell, and five short stories. Almost everything is audacious, idiosyncratic, fanciful and persuasive. The stupefying statement that "Not much action, after all, occurs in *Macbeth*" is more than amply compensated for by his perception, so obvious that everyone else has missed it, or got round it, that Macbeth keeps our interest and sympathy until the end because he is, after all, the *only* one in that rabble of butchers who has a moral and imaginative dimension, and he desecrates it. And it is good to have this on Shakespeare's final plays: " . . . to see . . . a sort of ministry of reconciliation seems to me to sentimentalize them and falsify our experience of their reality. Everybody does by no means kiss and make up. . . . " On *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Heart of Darkness* (the first picked up in the office of *Commentary* on his way to his psychiatrist) Berryman is thoroughly Freudian, but the pendulum swings from a beautiful clarification of what the first is really about ("the most remarkable account of *normal* human adolescent maturation I had ever read") to an apologetic chapter of psychoanalytic theorising with the second (" . . . a struggle against and a submission to an imperfectly mastered Oedipus complex, like *Hamlet* . . ."). With Henry James he begins with rampant assertion (an exclusive list of the

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"indispensable fiction") but continues with an invaluable, and only too short, account of the natures of James's revisions for the New York edition of 1908.

AMONG THE MODERN POETS, Berryman writes about Thomas Hardy in curiously cursory vein, a slapdash little piece for an anthology of *Master Poems of the English Language* (the task was "The Darkling Thrush"); and for one who "began work in verse-making as a burning, trivial disciple of the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats" he leaves little of real interest (a rambling *Columbia Review* essay of 1936 on the possibilities offered by "the bondage of ritual" in Yeats's plays). On the other hand, his 1949 piece on Pound, written before most of the Poundian critics got going, is a model example of the least (and the most) we should seek to know about that poet. Consistently, repeatedly, Berryman is informed and *right* about Pound: right about the metrics, about imagism, about Eliot, right about the baffling personal detachment of so bellicose a figure, right about his underestimated wit ("It has not perhaps been sufficiently observed that Pound is one of the wittiest poets who ever wrote"), right above all about the subject of Pound's poetry:

> Pound is his own subject *qua* modern poet; it is the experience and fate of this writer "born/In a half-savage country, out of date", a voluntary exile for over thirty years, that concern him.

As Berryman draws closer to the present, the judgments become increasingly fascinating for readers today. He is alert to Empson's poetry in 1948, which is about as early as anyone in England was. He makes out the sort of case for Henry Reed which most American (and English) poets would do well to study. He gives a (distinctly restrained) nod in the direction of E. E. Cummings and William Carlos Williams ("the gaiety of this old man is adorable"). And he is devastating with Kenneth Patchen (" . . . only a man in his right sense would deny that his work is interesting").

Writing a "Poetry Chronicle" for *Partisan Review* in 1948, Berryman can still bring together readily available English and American volumes and deliver judgments on Reed, Robert Duncan, Edith Sitwell, Howard Nemerov, Laurie Lee and Robert Lowell in the same article. He can deplore the "Auden Climate" and its "union members" but never doubts that it is indisputably there, an experience of influence shared by poets and their readers in both countries.

For a new critic like Eric Homberger, valiantly attempting a joint study of English and American poetry over the last four decades,[3] the two cultures now require to be yoked together by force. The yoke Homberger endeavours to impose is a concept of "the real", something that has to do with "the transformation and renovation of the possibilities of the real world in which we live", a matter of "contingent values, other people, history itself."

This is now not so much a climate, or even a tendency, as an aspiration. Across a widening gulf (and he is certainly right to feel that it has as much to do with the ever-dwindling distribution of each other's new poetry in the two countries as any other factor) Homberger strives to bring together those English and American poets who have grappled seriously with emergent social experience and not hived themselves off into primitivism. He does it well. But, perforce, his book has to be mainly a set of linked essays on the direction taken by individual talents. Thus, working by decades, his "1940s" is MacNeice, Auden, Jarrell, Alun Lewis and Roy Fuller, with a rather awkward join between the second and the third; and while the comparison of the formalism of a Wilbur in America with the "Movement" restraint of a Larkin or a Davie in England makes better sense of things for the 1950s, the whole scheme rapidly breaks down with the arrival of Tomlinson, Roethke, Olson, Ginsberg, Lowell, Plath—and the broad map-making turns into a charting of a series of intensely diverse localities.

For all that, *The Art of the Real* contains some of the best, most level-headed and genuinely helpful criticism of modern poetry in English for some time past. Homberger's position, as an American who has lived and taught in England for some twelve years, allows him to get a new kind of perspective on both poetries. His perception that the 1940s in England, for example, were not really a terrain romantically commanded by Thomas, Barker, Gascoyne and the "New Apocalypse" but a time of crisis for community values, of a crucial undermining of private creativity in wartime conditions, of "a characteristic mood of unease and self-absorption" is fresh and valuable. MacNeice emerges as a tragically vulnerable figure:

> He is not merely a representative, or a type; MacNeice *is* that metamorphosis from the 1930s to the 1940s, and the consequent constriction and loss in poetry, as in so many other areas of cultural life, is defined in his work with great clarity.

And Alun Lewis is left with only "the rubble of meanings, a series of personal landscapes."

SOMETIMES THE PURSUIT of a thesis, and the slotting of a poet into a decade, does produce

[3] *The Art of the Real: Poetry in England and America since 1939.* By ERIC HOMBERGER. Dent, £5.95.

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injustices as blatant as the old categorisations: Roy Fuller is signed off unceremoniously at the end of the 1940s as someone held obscurely to blame for "the emergent tone of 1950s poetry"; ignoring his *New Poems* of 1968, which shows a recovery of verve and range as impressive as MacNeice's *The Burning Perch* in 1963. Old poets don't *invariably* fade away in "impoverishment of spirit." But one reads Homberger on the pluralism and primitivism of the 1960s and 1970s, the division of poets (Snyder *versus* Lowell) into irreconcilable camps in an atmosphere of intellectual despondency and confusion, with an increasing sense that he has got it exactly right, and that his message deserves to be read carefully, and absorbed. (I don't think, however, that the contention between Lowell and Snyder is so precisely paralleled as Homberger thinks it is by the contrast between Geoffrey Hill and Ted Hughes in England; and the gremlins support me with a piquant misprint in the "Selected Chronology", whereby, under 1971, *Mercian Hymns* is ascribed to the author of *Crow*.)

Eric Homberger's register is lucidly unobtrusive: he doesn't stop (or need to stop) to nurture the undertones out of a poem in the manner of Barbara Hardy. *The Advantage of Lyric* is criticism with the pressure altogether off; the purpose is to demonstrate, with studies of Donne, Clough, Hopkins, Yeats, Auden, Thomas and Sylvia Plath, that feeling in poetry is most articulately rendered by an awareness of the advantages of intelligence, decorum and reticence within the small compass of the lyric form (so Coleridge's guardedly pregnant definition of poetry—"A more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order"—is not allowed to reverberate too much). Often one feels that the sheer control of the critic is transplanted too easily into the method of the poet: it's obviously valid to see it in the structures of a Donne or a Hopkins, but less applicable in the case of something like Dylan Thomas's "Over Sir John's Hill", because Thomas hardly modulated *feeling*, consciously or unconsciously, as calculatedly as he regulated sound and syllable-counts. Yet Barbara Hardy is far better than Berryman on Thomas, in noticing that "it is hard to think of any other poet of his time who writes so abstractedly and impersonally about love and friendship, topical events, daily life." And in her essay on Plath (unlike Homberger, who, in two pages of pure aberration, finds "Kubla Khan" in "Lady Lazarus" and argues that "Daddy" is an intentionally *humorous* poem) her emphasis on the humanism of the poems—"if derangement is a feature of the poetry, it works to enlarge and generalise, not to create an enclosure"—is a measured corrective to so much that is almost literally atrocious in critical comment on this poet.

RICHARD WILBUR AS A POET now fares badly in the estimation of most critics: his formalism is despised by old formalists who have moved on, and ignored by apostles of the new. He is not nearly as bad as his detractors maintain; and to be more positive than that, I would rather have safety with a volume like *Ceremony* (1950) than risk with Theodore Roethke's *Praise to the End* (1951). But his criticism[4] serves only to strengthen the arm of his critics. The erudition is real, yet comes over leadenly and pretentiously, for all the fluency of his style. He suffers genuinely the cultural dilemmas of his age, but the suffering is made to seem merely plaintive (see "Poetry and Happiness"). The best of his insights—in, for example, the goodish piece on Emily Dickinson which opens *Responses*—are filtered through a

[4] *Responses*. By RICHARD WILBUR. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10.00, £7.10.

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faintly dandified critical tone which instantly devalues them (" . . . she came to live in a world of delectable distances"). He values most in poetry "all those things which we must apprehend by tact" ("Round About a Poem of Housman's"). It isn't necessary to admire Ginsberg's *Kaddish* or Snodgrass's *After Experience* to find this a limiting sort of manifesto.

The Theory of Criticism

Hirsch & Eagleton—By GEOFFREY STRICKLAND

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT for anyone to make any general statement about the study of literature in universities today. Not only are there too many students and a proliferation of books and journals on a scale which is more an obstacle than an aid to communication. Even if there were some discernible progress towards a better understanding of what literature is, comparable to progress in the natural sciences, it would be impossible to find any general consensus as to the direction in which the progress lay. It is a little as if in a modern department of chemistry, some of one's more old-fashioned or even *avant-garde* colleagues were elaborating the case for alchemy. One preoccupation, none the less, seems to be common to almost anyone who is under contract to talk and write about what he reads, however seriously he may take the problem and whatever his opinions may be, and this is the problem of authorship. We may know, beyond any reasonable doubt, that Racine wrote *Phèdre* but it is by no means clear and there is anything but widespread agreement as to what we mean by "Racine" and "wrote." One way of trying to solve the problem and arrive at a generally acceptable approach and terminology has been to ignore it and concentrate on the text alone. This is what a number of advocates of the so-called New Criticism in America, notably Frye, Wimsatt and Beardsley, proposed during the years after the war. It is also the tendency and sometimes the avowed intention of those critics and philosophers in France who are associated in what is known as the school of structuralism or semiology. Northrop Frye has stated the position succinctly:

> It has been said of Boehme that his books are like a picnic to which the author brings the words and the reader the meaning. The remark may have been intended as a sneer at Boehme, but it is an exact description of all works of literary art without exception.

The explicit statement and the approach it recommends have probably been resisted by many who feel that the problem of meaning is merely posed in a more confusing way by formulations of this kind. But, apart from Frank Cioffi's essay in *Collected Papers on Aesthetics* (edited by C. Barrett, London 1965), the only thorough and systematic repudiation of what Frye is saying that I know of is *Validity in Interpretation* by Professor E. D. Hirsch of the University of Virginia, which appeared in 1967. The belief that the meaning of the text is what the author meant and that this meaning may be accessible to readers centuries after it was written is argued here on the grounds of common sense. Hence the modesty of Hirsch's actual conclusions, which may explain why his work has attracted far less attention than that of the structuralists or Northrop Frye. His vindication of common sense is, however, not merely commonsensical and he offers a systematic critique of the objections to the commonsensical view. It is, in fact, a philosophical issue and not merely a problem for students of literature which Hirsch draws to our attention and one which has obvious implications for the interpretation of historical documents, legal texts and the Scriptures. The historical context in which he places the present-day discussions is one which embraces the mediaeval distinction between the kinds of interpretation proper to sacred and profane texts, the advocacy by Schleiermacher and Dilthey of a single mode of interpretation or method of "general hermeneutics", and the inferences drawn in the twentieth century by Heidegger and Hans-Georg Gadamer from Dilthey's "hermeneutic circle"—our alleged inability to conceive the part except as part of a whole and *vice versa* and the impossibility hence of any understanding of anything which is not predetermined by the view we have already formed of the world.

For Hirsch, Heidegger occupies the place of the Devil in orthodox theology. He, more than anyone, is named as the source of the "dogmatic relativism" and "cognitive atheism" of our age. Jacques Derrida, the philosopher who has exercised the strongest direct influence on the Parisian structuralists, is referred to simply as

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"Heidegger's disciple." Hirsch is probably right, though he draws on a knowledge of the history of ideas far superior to my own and though he himself confesses that he may have misread Heidegger and that his real concern, in any case, is with issues not persons. One consequence certainly of Heidegger's influence on theology itself—on the work, for instance, of his translator, Professor John MacQuarry—has been to encourage a turning away of attention from what MacQuarry has called the "merely critical and historical study of the Bible." In modern theology, as in modern literary criticism, a respect for the texts doesn't always extend to a respect for their authors' intentions.

IN *Validity in Interpretation*, Hirsch suggests how knowledge of an author's intentions is possible, what is meant by knowledge of this kind and how we can know that we know, which is never with certainty but according to knowable degrees of probability. In his new volume of essays,[1] written over the last ten years, he defends his original position but abandons probabilistic criteria (which are, in any case, applicable only when we have to choose between two or more alternative readings) in favour of the view that "the process of understanding is itself a process of validation." The hermeneutic circle can be broken in theory and is also "an inadequate model for what actually happens in the interpretation of speech." This was already the position of *Validity in Interpretation*. In the new essays, what the Heideggerians see as inevitable constraints on consciousness are described as inevitable only at the *early* stages of consciousness. We do, indeed, see things only in relation to a view of the world which has already been formed within us but at the stage of infantile awareness, for example, for "we learn to live in the world, as Piaget has shown, precisely by overcoming our infantile confusions of content and context." On this theory, "all cognition is analagous to interpretation in being based upon *corrigible schemata*, a useful phrase I take from Piaget. . . ."

> What Heidegger called the priority of pre-understanding is described by developmental psychologists as the primacy of the schema; by Gombrich, in art history, as the primacy of the genre; by cognitive theorists (particularly those concerned with scientific knowledge) as the primacy of the hypothesis.

Hirsch's insistence that the study of literature can and ought to be a "cognitive discipline" and that its "anxiety-ridden insistence" on distin-

[1] *The Aims of Interpretation*. By E. D. HIRSCH. University of Chicago Press, $9.75, £6.80.

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Martin Green
CHILDREN *of* THE SUN

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guishing itself from natural science is what has made it today "the most sceptical and decadent branch of humanistic study" goes with a view of science which is avowedly closer to those of Sir Karl Popper than to those of Thomas Kuhn, as set forth in *The Study of Scientific Revolutions* or Michel Foucault in *L'archéologie du savoir*. Kuhn's notion of the "paradigm" resembles Foucault's of the *episteme* and "all the other terms which make knowledge relative to, and trapped inside some prison-house of the mind—all these terms which stand for Kantianism gone mad." It is significant, Hirsch notes, that "Kuhn's theories have won wider acceptance among humanists than scientists . . . despite Kuhn's recent warnings against such application . . ." and though "his theory has been examined and found wanting by some first-class epistemologists, while the theories of, say, M. Foucault have not been subjected to criticism sufficiently imposing to cause him to write a concessionary 'Post-script' such as one finds in Kuhn's second edition."

I confess that I am a little unhappy myself, though not ridden by anxiety, about Hirsch's comparison between the humane and the natural sciences, at least in so far as he does not tell us in what ways he thinks they also differ. The ideal community of literary scholarship he sketches sounds very much like the actual community of knowledge to which any scientist knows, as a matter of course, he belongs. Yet there is at least one crucial difference. According to Hirsch's own account of understanding, any knowledge we have of a novel or poem is acquired subjectively—which, of course, doesn't mean that it can't *ipso facto* be shared, communicated or assumed to be true. He would be unlikely to disagree with the Leavisian view that "a judgment is personal or it is nothing; you cannot take over someone else's." For the student of literature, the work of previous critics has to be done again, whenever it is considered at all. For the scientist, this is both wildly impracticable and unnecessary. It is true that anyone can perform any experiment, if he knows how, or make any observation that has contributed to a branch of specialised scientific enquiry. But it is unlikely that any serious practising scientist would even dream of reliving the history of science in this way. His business is, quite properly, with the making of history.

It has also to be said that Hirsch's new account of validation, of how we correct our preconceptions as to what we may learn from what we read in the very act of reading, does not meet all possible sceptical objections to our common belief that we can know what someone means. However, Hirsch readily concedes this himself. No account of validation could ever meet all possible objections. It can only meet actual objections and this Hirsch does, in the most effective way I have ever seen, in his reply to the sceptical views of Heidegger.

THE IMMENSE VALUE of Hirsch's thinking lies in the attention it sustains, by dint of its coherence and vigour, on the sheer wonder of the fact that we understand one another at all and can virtually *hear*, by means of the written text, the voices of those who lived centuries ago. (How is it, for instance, that one not only understands Villon more clearly than his translator, Robert Lowell, but can tell at once how he should be read aloud?) Hirsch neither doubts the marvel—which no one has yet explained—nor tries to explain it away. What he does instead is bring out the logical implications of the assumption that to understand the written word is to understand what someone is *saying*, implications which themselves turn out to be matters of common belief and experience.

The main implication is that the author's meaning, the object of our understanding, is logically distinct from whatever significance it has for us at any particular time. His meaning is not what we say or think about it. What we think it is determines what it is for us, but we never in practice confuse or could confuse our interpretation with the meaning we interpret. We could never confuse them even if (as is always the case) we had no absolute certainty that we were right about the meaning and even if (like the Heideggerians) we deliberately imposed our own meanings on the text. To read anachronistic meanings into the works of classical antiquity, in the manner of mediaeval Christian commentators or certain contemporary structuralists, is simply to invent a fictitious author.

It follows from this that interpretation is always a matter of what Hirsch calls "two perspectives", those of the reader and the supposed (real or imaginary) author. "Far from being an extraordinary feat, this entertaining of two perspectives at once is the ground of all human intercourse, and a universal fact of speech which the linguists have called the 'doubling of personality'." Interpretation is not a matter, however, of miraculously becoming the person one understands. This is something no speaker or writer could intend. If a drowning man calls for help, it is because he hopes he will be heard, not that those who hear him will undergo the illusion that they are drowning as well. Even the desperate cry: "If only you could feel as I do!" is an appeal for no more than understanding. It is possible to understand what someone else is saying perfectly and precisely because one is not

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that person. Only theorists and teachers of literature mistake understanding for metamorphosis.

IT IS AN UNFORTUNATE aspect of the influence of Schleiermacher and Dilthey (on Collingwood, for example) that it appears to support this view, however, as well as the inevitable inference from it that understanding is at the best coincidental and partial. Hirsch accepts the arguments of Husserl and others against "psychologism" of this kind and this is among the reasons for which he asks us repeatedly to distinguish between "meaning" and "significance" and between the object and the act of understanding. Again, understanding someone is not a matter merely of interesting oneself in what happens to interest him. Understanding of this kind is understanding of the other's "subject matter", which can lead (in mathematics or science most obviously) to the spotting of implications of which not only was the original writer unaware but which it would be a mistake to infer from what he actually intended. The one kind of understanding, as far as Hirsch is concerned, is neither more nor less potentially valuable than the other, but it can be important not to confuse the two. And this leads Hirsch (borrowing the term from the 19th-century logician Augustus De Morgan) to talk of a "universe of discourse", common to writer and reader, as distinct from a common subject matter or vaguely defined experience.

Since understanding is possible but not inevitable, it is often, if not always, a matter of choice. (As Gide remarked ruefully of Julien Benda, "When an intelligent man goes out of his way to misunderstand, he is naturally more successful than a fool.") The compulsion to understand is practical only and, where one is free not to understand if one wishes, ethical. The ethical is the third of what Hirsch calls the "three dimensions of hermeneutics." And Matthew Arnold, with his awareness of the rival claims of the ethical and the aesthetic, is Hirsch's candidate for the post of "patron saint of literary education", though it is a Kantian ethic above all, a readiness to do for others what you would have them do for you and respect their intentions as you would have them respect yours, which emerges from his concluding essay.

Perhaps the most important essays in the new collection are those on "Stylistics and Synonymity" and on "Evaluation as Knowledge", both of which defy summary. In the first of these, Hirsch defends the concept of the synonym against the widespread view of linguisticians that a true synonym is an impossibility; that, whether we like it or not, we mean something different whenever we use a different form of words and that the form of language necessarily constitutes the form of thought. Hirsch expresses sympathy here with Humpty Dumpty, "a free spirit and a true believer in synonymity" when he tells Alice that when he uses a word, "it means just what I choose it to mean", and with H. P. Grice and Professor Strawson against the "conventionalist" view of J. L. Austin, John Searle and Max Black. Like Strawson, he maintains that the conventions of language do indeed impose constraints on as well as making possible most of what we say. But it is because we don't have to be the slaves of these conventions that the establishment of new conventions and the growth of language are possible.

IN "Evaluation as Knowledge", Hirsch offers a re-interpretation of Kant's *Critique of Judgment* and tries to state his own position, as far as possible, in Kantian terms. This is, I think, a pity, as the exegesis tends to confuse the issues and the confusion leads to what looks like a rather lame over-statement of the case. Two very interesting essays here, one on Kant and one on the issues themselves, seem to have collided and become entangled. What is valuable, none the less, and

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especially for the student of literature who can find himself despairing at the thought that he is the mere prisoner of his own predilections, is the argument that if understanding is a matter of actual knowledge, so too, for the same reasons, is evaluation. For to understand what someone is saying is to understand what is interesting and important for him and hence whether what he is saying is serious or trivial and to be taken literally or ironically, questions concerning which answers can be given that are either false or true. It by no means follows, as is sometimes assumed, that to consider a writer "on his own terms" is to exercise critical leniency. Hirsch goes on from here, however, to argue that any judgment made on "stated criteria" constitutes knowledge too:

> When Plato judges that Priam's appeal to Achilles is bad literature because it encourages men to act in an undignified manner, his judgment is correct on that criterion if (and only if) that is indeed the effect which Homer's description has.

If poetry is good which encourages respect for the crown, then *God Save the King* is superior to *The Vision of Judgment*. Hirsch seems in danger of reducing truth to tautology, though it is by no means clear for whom such judgments constitute knowledge. For anyone, clearly, since anyone may come to know that such a judgment has been made, but this is true of self-contradictory judgments as well and judgments made on no stated criteria.

Again, I find Hirsch difficult to follow when he distinguishes between "extrinsic criteria", such as those adopted by Plato in his judgment of Homer, and "intrinsic criteria", of which the only genuine examples, we are told, are those adopted by Croce, who "asks simply, what is this work trying to achieve and has it achieved it?" I have never myself, in my reading of Croce or any other critic, seen this particular question answered, though plenty has been written which purports to answer it. Anyone who has composed verse will, of course, know what it is like to start writing a poem in a certain way meaning every word one is saying and then being unable to keep it up and having to sham. But any reader who realises this will be adopting simultaneously intrinsic and extrinsic criteria. He will, in fact, be adopting the "double perspective" which Hirsch elsewhere sees as characteristic of our understanding of anything written or said. There is a similar difficulty, which a clearer exposition of Kant would perhaps help to clear up, when Hirsch distinguishes between two moments of awareness, in the first of which we perceive something and then, "*after* we have perceived it", realise its value for us.

THESE DIFFICULTIES are, however, nothing compared with those raised by Dr Terry Eagleton. One of his new books is an outline of Marxist literary criticism up to the present day[2] and the other an explanation of his own approach, which is itself Marxist and what Eagleton claims to be a development out of the work of Brecht, Pierre Macherey and Raymond Williams.[3] What Eagleton admires in Brecht is his rejection of the "nostalgic organicism" of Georg Lukács with his "traditionalist preference for closed, symmetrical totalities" and Brecht's "allegiance to open multiple forms which bear in their torsions the very imprint of the contradictions they lay bare." What he admires in Macherey is his idea of the text as "*production littéraire*", a concept which Eagleton explains by analogy with the production of a play. It is the same play that is produced when we see two different versions of *Othello* and at the same time two plays which clearly differ. The text in each case has been "mediated" by actors, producers and the audience in so far as its reception has been anticipated in the production. The relation of a work of literature to the "ideology" of the author makes the ideology manifest in much the same way that the production gives life to the play.

What (alone, apparently) makes works of literature worth studying is the "contradictions they lay bare." The work of the great poets and novelists, in this respect, is like that of Adam Smith, which Marx found significant because it contained "problems which it is true he does not resolve but which he reveals by contradicting himself." The contradictions are seen, above all, in a "realism" which is achieved by an exclusion of the real:

[2] *Marxism and Literary Criticism*. By TERRY EAGLETON. Methuen, £2.50.
[3] *Criticism and Ideology*. By TERRY EAGLETON. New Left Books, £4.95.

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> It is true that Jane Austen, because she does not *know*, only "knows"; but . . . without the exclusion of the real as it is known to historical materialism, there could be nothing of the ethical discourse, rhetoric of character, ritual of relationship or ceremony of convention which she presents—nothing, in short, of those elements for which we find her fiction "valuable."

For "valuable" read *symptomatic*. Other novels are symptomatic in similar ways. Conrad indulges in the common bourgeois delusion that an "organic community" is possible in a capitalist world and finds his community in the crew of a merchant ship. Henry James tries to show repeatedly in a single individual an all-embracing consciousness—though only Eagleton could take it as a criticism of James that in *What Maisie Knew* the consciousness is that of a child.

The problem raised by Dr Eagleton's work is how we or he can possibly know he is right. I say "problem" but it is one with which he is himself unconcerned. He could, after all—though it is very unlikely—*be* right. Certainly the conditions he elaborates of the actual "production" of a work of literature are conditions which anyone, Marxist or otherwise, is bound to agree are necessary. The only important question—and one which he neglects to raise—is whether they are also sufficient. Nothing he says about them justifies his conclusions concerning the delusions of the particular writers he names and though their alleged value lies in the "ideology" they lay bare, nothing suggests that Dr Eagleton has learned from them anything he didn't believe before. His version of history is either all-too-familiar (as when he describes the fascistic side of Eliot, Yeats and Lawrence as a "radical conservatism hostile like Marxism to the withered values of bourgeois society"), misinformed (as when, in a somewhat disparaging account of Lucien Goldmann's *Dieu caché*, he describes the 17th century *noblesse de robe* as "court officials . . . economically dependent on the monarchy") or simply untrue, as when he tells us that critics today are usually academics "hired by the state to prepare students ideologically for their functions within capitalist society." This is no more true of myself than it is of Dr Eagleton, who is a Fellow of Wadham College.

For Dr Eagleton, the distinction between deluded and undeluded writing is self-evident. It is his version of the classic Marxist distinction between "ideology" and "science." One of his favourite adverbs is "correctly." For Professor Hirsch, the distinction is not important enough to have merited in his writings any prolonged scrutiny. The Marxist and Freudian influences on criticism are influences he has largely ignored. He is uninterested too, in his books on the theory of criticism, in poetry and novels of which it may be important to say that their authors appear singularly *undeluded*; though this comes out as a weakness only in one of the essays, the one entitled "Some Aims of Criticism." Despite his admiration for Arnold, Hirsch's arguments here in favour of the preservation and study of a canon of commonly accepted classics are surprisingly off-hand. Like Arnold, Hirsch sees no constant and invariable characteristics which distinguish what can be called works of "literature" and he concedes, wryly though without protest, that in the syllabuses of some American universities, "little remains that the underground can call its own." Why not, in this case, he suggests, include as well what have been thought of till now as classics of verse and prose? "Poetry and fiction are worth studying, and if we don't keep them alive in humanistic education, nobody else will." Is this true, however? It remains an open question whether the study of the vernacular literature in universities and schools has proved on balance a blessing or a curse and there is nothing to indicate that, before this great educational reform, the works of Shakespeare and Dickens were neglected.

The important question is whether they or any other writers should be regarded as classics, and in trying to answer it for myself I find Hirsch's essay on "Evaluation as Knowledge" of considerable help. If evaluation is knowledge, then the converse is true, and a proper understanding of works which, in Pound's phrase, are "charged with meaning" changes more radically those who come to possess this knowledge than works which are relatively meaningless. The knowledge compels us to realise what could be found valuable, in so far as it could be understood, by anyone. In reality, the canon creates itself. Critics and scholars can, at the most, remove obstacles to its becoming formed and known. Unfortunately, in the universities themselves, the obstacles are today formidable.

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LETTERS

Milton Friedman Replies

I SHALL BE GLAD to explain Lord Campbell's hard nuggets to him [Letters, June].

First, he has used an obsolete source for his pre-1913 figures. According to the currently authoritative estimates (C. H. Feinstein, *National Income, Expenditure and Output of the United Kingdom, 1855–1965)*, gross domestic product at constant factor costs grew 1.5% per year from 1900 to 1913, not 1.0%.

Second, 1900 is a less than satisfactory starting date, coming after a period of rapid growth and before the Boer War. From 1893 to 1913, gross domestic product at constant factor costs grew 2.1% per year.

Third, Britain was at that time the world's leader. Germany had a lower absolute level of per capita income, and a later start. It too was relying on predominantly private market arrangements. It is not surprising that a nation that is imitating and catching up can proceed faster than one that is innovating—witness the rapid growth in the post-World War II period of Japan, Brazil, Korea.

In the post-World War II period, on the other hand, Germany's absolute level of per capita income has moved ahead of Britain's. Germany is the leader not the follower. None the less, relying on a "social market economy", its output has grown at a faster rate than Britain's, which relied on socialist policies; so that its per capita real income has risen from roughly half that of Britain's before World War II to roughly double now—and this despite greater War-time destruction, the loss of territory, and the absorption of millions of refugees from Eastern Germany.

Fourth, comparing Britain's 2.6% rate of growth from 1948 to 1975 with the roughly 2% rate before World War I is somewhat misleading. Aside from Britain's status as an imitator rather than innovator, it neglects (*a*) War-time distortions, which permitted a rapid rebound after the War; and (*b*) the inclusion of a growing government component, which it is almost impossible to express accurately in real terms because of the absence of market prices for most government "output" and which has led to a declining share of consumption in the total.

In any event, there remains the key question. How does Lord Campbell explain the shift of Britain's per capita real income from roughly double that of France and Germany during the inter-War period to roughly half that of France and Germany today?

MILTON FRIEDMAN

University of Chicago

Worsthorne v. FitzGibbon

AS BEFITS A GOOD FRIEND, Mr Constantine FitzGibbon [Letters, ENCOUNTER, June] has done me a favour by drawing attention to certain errors of emphasis in my contribution to your recent symposium, "Who's Left, What's Right?" [March], thereby giving me this welcome opportunity to correct them.

It was not at all my intention to suggest that the British governing class had done no wrong in modern times. They have done much that was wrong, some examples of which are included in Mr F.'s letter. But far from contradicting my central thesis, these reminders of wrong-doing, properly understood, only confirm it.

Let me explain. My thesis was that a governing class functions best against a social background which inculcates a spirit of *noblesse oblige*, the obverse of this contention being that a governing class ceases to work well when that social background is undermined (as it increasingly has been in England in modern times, with precisely the evil consequences to which Mr F. draws attention).

I did not myself enumerate these evil consequences as they apply to Britain, since in my view the best examples are to be found in the United States, where the price paid for the absence of aristocracy is even more marked. Mr FitzGibbon chides me for overlooking such British wrong-doings as the Black and Tans, the Marconi scandal, Maundy Gregory, and so on. But these, as I say, were signs of a ruling class rapidly losing its grip. The Black and Tans, for example, were recruited by Lloyd George, a jumped-up Welsh attorney, from the War-time dregs of the British Army, and most emphatically were not "gentlemen", trained in the old-fashioned tradition of British arms. Their atrociously oppressive behaviour could not possibly be blamed on the old aristocracy. It was an example of what happens in the absence of aristocracy—further confirmation of my central argument.

But not so clinchingly confirmatory as the American examples which I preferred to use—Watergate and Viet Nam. Mr FitzGibbon takes me to task for mentioning Viet Nam in this context, since he maintains that the old aristocratic order of Europe comes out of the First and Second World Wars far worse than the new democratic order of the United States comes out of the Viet Nam War. Again it is not my job to defend the old aristocratic order *during its years of decline*. But surely there is a difference between authorising mass destruction in a world war, as it did, and authorising it in what was really a colonial war, as the Americans did in Viet Nam.

As for Watergate, it may well be, as Mr F. suggests, that what differentiates that scandal from its English counterparts—Marconi, *etc.*—was not so much its greater evil as the greater freedom of the American Press, compared to the British, to expose that evil. But this again only serves to illustrate my central thesis, since I would regard one test of the health of a social system to be the ability of a ruling class establishment to prevent or contain excessive newspaper revelatory enthusiasm. In this respect, surely there can be no question at all that the United States has always been worse off than the British. Mr FitzGibbon might call it better off; but that is because, being largely American, he does not really want to understand what it is that I am trying to say.

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

London

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Realism v. Experiment

"IN RICHARDSON'S FICTION, the epistolary convention works as a constant reminder of literary artificiality" Ronald Hayman asserts ("Letters", April 1977). On the contrary, Richardson's epistolary convention disguises a fictitious narrative as a set of historical documents, of which the novelist poses as editor. Of course we "know" it is fictitious, but part of our pleasure and interest in the narrative derives from the consistency with which the pseudo-historical character of the discourse is maintained. If Richardson's epistolary technique is "a constant reminder of literary artificiality", how shall we describe the intrusive metafictional comments of Fielding's and Sterne's narrators?

Mr Hayman's obstinate refusal to admit that realism is a literary convention that disguises its own conventionality is particularly puzzling in that this notion is central to Roland Barthes' *S/Z*, which he claims to admire so much, as is also the idea of an antithesis between the classic, realistic, *lisible* text, and the modern, experimental, *scriptible* text. I do not myself share Barthes' belief that realism is an obsolete literary mode; nor (must I say it again? it seems I must) do I deny that modernist and post-modernist experiments in fiction are attempts to get closer to what the writers perceive as "reality." I merely assert that these different literary modes imply different concepts of what constitutes reality. Modern literary history shows that writers themselves are well aware of these differences (see, for example, Virginia Woolf's criticisms of Arnold Bennett and Graham Greene's criticisms of Virginia Woolf).

Mr Hayman's rambling remarks about the novelists I classified as realistic in no way shake my conviction that there is a family resemblance between them. And since he asks—yes, I do think that in an abstract formal sense, in the implied relationship between the text and the world, there is more continuity between *Clarissa* and *Goodbye to Berlin* than between *Martha Quest* and *Memoirs of a Survivor*. As to *Ulysses*, that work has its realistic level—the incomparably vivid realisation of the physical and psychological lives of the "pseudo-historical" Dublin characters—but through mythopoeic allusion and the elaborate, overtly artificial variation of style in the later episodes, it moves towards that all-embracing plurality of signification that Joyce was finally to achieve in *Finnegans Wake*. Only in *Dubliners* did Joyce keep (precariously) within the formal limits of realism.

These and other matters in dispute between Mr Hayman and myself are discussed at greater length in my forthcoming book *The Modes of Modern Writing*, to be published this summer by Edward Arnold in this country and by Cornell U.P. in the US. If Mr Hayman is not satisfied by this letter I should be very grateful if he would not put me to the trouble of writing another one until he has had an opportunity to consider that more extended exposition of my views.

DAVID LODGE

Birmingham

Noam Chomsky & Daniel Bell

An Exchange of Views on Language and Human Values

IN ENCOUNTER (February), Daniel Bell states that my "theories that language capacities are innate, and that men generate rules through the properties of mind", are "characterised, quite correctly, as philosophical idealism."

Consider first the "theory" that language capacities are innate. Put in this form, the "theory" is shared by every rational person. Some property of humans makes it possible for them, but not for rocks or birds, to learn English; in the most neutral possible terms, we may refer to this property as an "innate language capacity." If this is philosophical idealism, then so is the "theory" that some innate capacity accounts for the fact that humans grow arms instead of wings.

Consider the theory that "men generate rules through the properties of mind." Presumably, Bell is here referring to my belief that the mind develops from an initial genetically-determined state to a mature state in which knowledge of a language is appropriately represented as a system of rules. Is it the assumption that the mature state of the mind incorporates such a system that is a form of philosophical idealism? If so, then so is the belief that a computer has a certain programme stored in its memory. Is it the belief that this system develops through the interaction of genetically-determined properties of the mind and experience that constitutes philosophical idealism? If so, then we are back to the first fallacy.

To deflect further misunderstanding, note that this computer analogy may be of only limited validity, for reasons discussed in the book Bell cites (*Reflections on Language*) and elsewhere. These questions are important, but irrelevant in the present context.

The point is that I have always assumed and explicitly stated that "in principle, we should be able to account for [innate properties of the mind] in terms of human biology" (*ibid.*) and that discussion of mind and its properties is discussion, at a suitable level of abstraction, of the nature and functioning of certain physical mechanisms, now largely unknown. There is no element of philosophical idealism here, any more than there is when we discuss analysing mechanisms of the visual system or other properties of physical systems, at the appropriate level of

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abstraction. The point is certainly clear enough and has been understood at once by biologists who have discussed the theories to which Bell alludes (*e.g.*, Monod, Jacob, Luria), none of whom have drawn his absurd conclusion. The relation of these theories to philosophical idealism merits discussion, but not in Bell's confused way.

Referring to the book just cited, Bell goes on to attribute to me views on "ideological purity" and "tools of technocrats" that I did not express and do not hold. He then announces triumphantly that I have "been hoist by the Marxist petard," referring to the characterisation in terms of philosophical idealism. It is difficult to make one's way through this maze of errors of reasoning, concoction, and vague hints, but perhaps it is relevant to point out that the passages on which Bell is free-associating are largely a critique of trends within Marxism.

The remainder of Bell's remarks merit no comment.

NOAM CHOMSKY

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NOAM CHOMSKY is the living disproof of the unity of theory and practice. In theory, Chomsky's language propositions are "mentalistic", deriving from the creative properties of mind. In behaviour, Chomsky invariably responds in mechanistic, stimulus-response, conditioned-reflex terms. Be there, in any journal in the world, a critical mention of him—and Chomsky is like a Skinnerian pigeon pecking away an answer (an answer? it is usually a tidal flow) to a Searle or a Quine in linguistics, or a Schlesinger, a Draper or a Lipset in politics. I am being playful because the piquant fact is that I was *sympathising* with Chomsky; but in recent years he has developed such an embattled stance and such tunnel vision that he is becoming incapable of distinguishing friend from foe.

Let me re-establish the relevant context. I was replying to an ENCOUNTER symposium on the meanings, if any, of liberal and conservative, left and right. I wrote that not only do these terms not have any consistent contemporary meanings, but that previous efforts to establish a correlation between temperament or character structure and political attitude, or between philosophical ideas and political ideology were hopelessly muddled. In that context, I pointed out that a Canadian Maoist cultural periodical, some years back, had observed that Chomsky's views of language were idealistic and, noting that some of his early work had been financed by the Office of Naval Research, concluded "logically" that Chomsky was an agent of American imperialism. *That* was the reference to the Marxist petard.

The second point of the paragraph devoted to Chomsky was a reference to Chomsky's belief in the biological foundations of the impulse to human freedom and an attack on the plasticity-of-human-nature doctrine; and there was a passing reference (in the context of the Maoist attack) to his philosophical idealism. *Nowhere* in that paragraph did I link the attribution of idealism to biology. But, Skinnerian pigeon that he has become, the two words link a stimulus-response, and off he is on a new tangent.

SINCE HE HAS RAISED the question, let me briefly reply. Since I am a neo-Kantian, I have long sympathised with and defended Chomsky's theory of language. Against the simple-minded view that language is built up in associative blocks, reinforced by rewards, and extended through empirical trial-and-error, Chomsky has argued that mind has an innate programme of rules which children grasp intuitively and are able to make connections so as to understand wholly new situations without going through the permutations and combinations of finite possibilities. This is congruent not only with Descartes' *res cogitans* but with Kant's idea that one knows the world through the conceptual prisms one adopts to order the flux of experience, and to re-order that knowledge when one or another prism is inadequate. The activity theory of mind is idealism. For Chomsky to say that we should, in principle, account for the properties of mind through the "nature and functioning of certain physical mechanisms, now largely unknown", is either to say something trite—that because Kant thinks, the physical brain is involved—or, it is a form of *reductionism* (as Francis Crick has argued and which Michael Polanyi has effectively rebutted) which would be at variance with the view of mind, "as a creative, determinative force", that Chomsky implicitly accepts in his *Reflections on Language* (p. 131).

The issue of biology and human nature is more straightforward, and here Chomsky is simply waffling. In his *Reflections on Language*, Chomsky attacks Gramsci for the view that human nature is only the "totality of historically determined social relations", (p. 128) and argues that "the concept of the 'empty organism, plastic and unstructured,' apart from being false, also serves *naturally* as the support for the most reactionary social doctrines" (emphasis added). Chomsky claims that the impulse to freedom is probably rooted in the "species character" of man, and that theories of psychological malleability can be used as an "ideology for a vanguard party", for "liberal technocrats or corporate managers" and "ideologists of state capitalism" for the " 'new class' of technical intelligentsia who hope to bring about the reign of *scientific intelligence*", *etc.* (pp. 132–133).

But the striking thing is that today the most extreme believers in complete plasticity and radical environmentalism are Chomsky's colleagues on the Left, who attack any discussion of sociobiology, or the inheritability of intelligence, or even any genetic determination of behavioural traits, as reactionary and racist, and even seek to bar such discussions from academic journals. They are the new Lysenkoists, the new Inquisitors within the academic world.

MY OWN BELIEF IS that any set of complex ideas is multivalent, and it is ridiculous to assume that any specific consequence follows "naturally" from any complex doctrine. Hobbes was a materialist, Burke an empiricist, Tom Paine an intuitionist, Hegel is read as a subversive revolutionist (Kojève and Marcuse) or as a conservative defender of the State; Stirner, Dostoevsky, and Nietzsche are read as radical individualists, holding out against the conformist

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London

CLOUT: Students of vogue-word form will have noticed that a comparative newcomer, "clout", is coming up strongly on the rails. "Clout" now occurs at least once in every political article, particularly if it is about trade unionism. It means, of course, political, social or military force or, more simply, "power" (*cf.* J. Stalin: "How much clout has the Pope?").

It indicates the coming of the New Brutalism in verbiage as in life, and has already outdistanced such showy but inwardly feeble, milk-and-water verbalisms as "charisma." We verbiage buffs (another verbalism which sets my teeth on edge in a way I cannot really account for) will be watching clout's progress with interest.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

HUNGLISH: *English is enjoying an unrivalled vogue in Eastern Europe but its latest illegitimate linguistic offspring—Hunglish—is being viewed with distaste by the Hungarian authorities.*

President Giscard d'Estaing's tough administrative measures in France against "Franglais" have struck a sympathetic chord in the official and self-appointed guardians of linguistic purity in Hungary.

But since the ruling Communist Party has not yet deemed it advisable to curb the popularity of English by decrees, attempts are being made by philologists and journalists to counter the pre-eminence of English words in science, culture and commerce.

But the trend is against them and, to judge by the widespread use of English words in preference to perfectly adequate Hungarian expressions, Hunglish is here to stay [*Gabord Ronay writes*].

The use of English words is alleged to be a kind of status symbol of the educated élite. The Budapest newspaper Magyar Nemzet, *which coined the word Hunglish, has urged radio and television* **"szpikers"** *(announcers), journalists and lecturers to be in the vanguard of the fight against this linguistic mis-alliance.*

The news magazine Magyarorszag *suggests that all foreign words, proper and place names included, should be spelt as pronounced in Hungarian which, if pursued to its logical conclusion, would reduce Shakespeare to* **"Sekszpir."**

Hunglish has made inroads into virtually every aspect of life. **"Teenagers"** *do their* **"shopping"** *in the* **"fesonabl"** *Vaci-***"street"** *of Budapest. In the* **"supermarket"** *girls buy* **"szpré"** *(spray) perfume and* **"face cream"**, *while their boy-friends purchase* **"after-shave"** *lotion and fashionable* **"farmer"** *trousers (jeans).*

There are **"hobby"** *shops and* **"camping"** *stores, where Hungarians can stock up on* **"békon"** *(bacon),* **"jam"**, *orange* **"juice"** *and* **"lunch-krém"** *(pâté).*

In the evening, people go to a **"drink bar"** *for a little* **"dancingolas"** *or buy a* **"tikkett"** *(ticket) to a cinema. Theatregoers can choose between a* **"show"**, *a* **"musical"**, *or a* **"black comedy."** *Travellers taking a* **"flight"** *can while away the tedium of the journey with a* **"paperback"** *until* **"lunch"** *when they might be served* **"bifsztek."**

In business **"marketing know-how"**, *and* **"public relations"** *appear to have gained full acceptance.*

The way a new sporting award was named and adjudicated last month shows the uphill struggle facing the defenders of Hungary's unique Finno-Ugrian tongue.

The **1976 "Fair Play"** *prizes were decided by a* **"zsüri"** *(jury) and the winners fêted at a* **"party."** *A* **"futball"** *player and a* **"hoki"** *(ice-hockey) player were turned down because of their overuse of the* **"bodi-csek"** *(body-check) and* **"faul"** *(foul) in championship* **"meccs"** *(matches).*

THE TIMES

London

GETTING A WORD IN: The extent of American influences on the English language is not matched by similar English influences on the American language, it seems.

American words, meanings and phrases have infiltrated in huge numbers and, according to the programme, even good old English phrases like "keeping a stiff upper lip" and "sitting on the fence" are American in origin.

Depressingly enough, a Webster's Dictionary editor could think of only two words that had fought their way westwards across the Atlantic and lived to tell the tale—"trendy" and "bonkers."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Washington D.C.

STREET TALK: *In Black American street-talk* **bad** *means good,* **rags** *are the last word in finery, and* **terrible** *is a compliment reserved only for stylish cars, laid-back clothes and women who look like Diahann Carroll.*

Having your nose open *means being in love. A* **jive stopper** *is a gun.* **Selling wolf tickets** *is bluffing, an* **eccentric** *is someone who is* **wrapped too tight,** *a square is* **cubed out** *and a well-dressed person is* **cleaner than the Board of Health.**

Gone to bed, *signifying a lot of whatever it is we are talking about, must not be confused with* **cribbing with my raise**, *which means simply living at home.*

Black vernacular is enormously rich and inventive, [*Jeremy Campbell writes*] *as well as bewilderingly private and ambiguous. It means to be. Its roots go back to the American slave experience when language, used to fool and conceal, was the only weapon in a defenceless servant's armoury. It is an interesting comment on racial progress that street talk is as baffling and creative as the slave talk of the plantations.*

EVENING STANDARD

London

OUR MAN BETWEEN: Merit is the Foreign Office criterion but British diplomats are subject to a kind of Catch-22 in the annual reports made on their careers. A man must show responsibility and judgment: but if he is overwilling to take on responsibility that may show a lack of judgment; and if he displays too much judgment, that may be irresponsible. Hard it is, these days, to be diplomatic.

THE TIMES

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tendencies in mass society or as reactionary writers who oppose democracy. Chomsky's ideas about the stubborn biological rootedness of the impulse to freedom were stated more elegantly twenty years before by Lionel Trilling in his *Freud and the Crisis of Culture*, and ten years ago, clumsily, by Herbert Marcuse. Erich Fromm, a "humanist socialist," believes such biologism is reactionary. As an Old Testament Jew, I believe in the stubbornness of the "old Adam" in human nature and have derided views of cultural relativism or plasticity.

Chomsky's difficulty, in this division within him of theory and practice, is that he has become so committed, politically, to a set of ideas, that he takes these as the *fulcrum* of divisions; and being temperamentally a man who divides the world into binary modes, if you are not with him politically you must be against him on a whole range of issues, including epistemology, which he thinks follow "naturally" from his political postulates. Some day, I would hope, Chomsky will let his theory override his temperament and practice. And at that point the subtleties of mind would unite with the complexities of practice.

DANIEL BELL

London

D. H. Lawrence's Origins

IT WOULD BE ABSURD to claim D. H. Lawrence as a proletarian writer—in any case, writers from the shop-floor are very rare birds. But to maintain, as George Watson does, that "There is no real evidence that Lawrence was ever outside the middle class, as that phrase is most commonly understood, at any time in his life" (ENCOUNTER, December) is equally preposterous.

Lawrence, we are told, "was the son of a contractor in a Nottinghamshire coal-mine . . . [who] was not by the period of Lawrence's upbringing dependent on wages. . . ." It is true that Lawrence's father is described as a contractor in the marriage register. But this was merely a polite term for a butty, and as Ada Lawrence points out (*Young Lorenzo: Early Life of D. H. Lawrence*, 1931), "A butty is a man in charge of a stall at the coal-face. Three or four men work under his direction and he pays them their wages from the money he receives for the coal hewn. He [Arthur Lawrence] sometimes received good money. When he had a stall which yielded grudgingly his share decreased." He had worked in the pit since he was seven and had now reached a position of some responsibility, but he still worked at the coal-face, and was as dependent on the coal-owners for his weekly take-home pay as were the other colliers. By no stretch of the imagination can he be assimilated to the middle class.

Lawrence's mother, Mr Watson tells us, was "a former schoolmistress of some cultivation and social standing." Her father, "bitterly galled by his own poverty" (*Sons and Lovers*), had gone to work in the Sheerness dockyards as an engineer, which hardly established a claim to social standing. As for her school-teaching in Sheerness, "She remembered the funny old mistress, whose assistant she had become, whom she had loved to help in the private school" (*Sons and Lovers*). Such assistants were legion, of course, in the little private schools of Victorian England, but were unlikely to have enjoyed the standing accorded to qualified teachers.

Then we are told that Lawrence "was soon sent to Nottingham High School for the best schooling locally to be had", but not told that this was as a result of winning a scholarship for which he was coached by a teacher at his Board School. "He lived in the superior residence on the hill above until he was eighteen", but the house in which the family finally lived was remarkable because it was semi-detached, unlike the terrace houses they had formerly known, and Jessie Chambers tells us that Lawrence was proud of the house because it "had a little entrance hall with the stairs and the doors and the other rooms going out from it." In their other houses the front door had opened straight into a living-room.

Lawrence was obviously distanced from his working-class origins and background by his mother's aspirations for herself and her family, by the sharp break from his former schoolmates when he transferred at the age of eleven from Eastwood to a day public school in Nottingham, and to some extent by his father's role as a butty. (It is significant that the Congregational Chapel attended by Mrs Lawrence and the family was sometimes called "the Butty's Lump.")

But that his family was working class by any recognisable criterion seems indisputable.

R. S. SMITH

Librarian
University of Nottingham

I AM GLAD Mr Smith agrees with me that D. H. Lawrence was not a proletarian writer. But he concludes, as if in disagreement, that his "family" was working class. If that refers to the novelist's grandparents, or to the early life of his parents, then it represents something I have never disputed. The phrase "his working-class origins", in that case, might be clearer if it read working-class ancestry. But the social aspirations of his mother were realised, after all, in her famous son, and well within her own lifetime; indeed she realised them in the upbringing she gave him as a child. I hope the main argument here will not be sidetracked into a discussion of events that occurred before Lawrence was born, or before he was of an age to notice.

GEORGE WATSON

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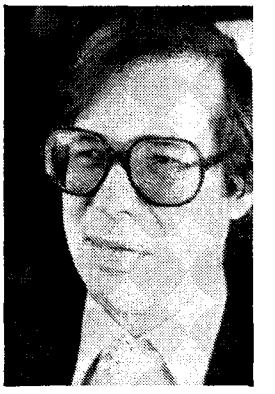
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